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SALATHIEL DOLES,

Author of Etc., Etc.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

Pewbungle's Log.

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PREFACE.

I DON'T think I'm the funniest man of this century. I think Artemus Ward was funnier —in fact, he told me so himself.

There are some good things in Shakespeare. It has been remarked by some great and good man, that we can't all be Shakespeares. This is true, for I tried it several times when I was a young man.

But we can all write books, and call them *Funny Books*, if we like.

I don't say this book is funnier than any other; I merely put it forth, so that if any of my readers have thought of some funny things, they can send them to me, and I will work them up in my second edition.

I wish, for your sake, that this *was* the second edition.

INTRODUCTION.

I FEEL that I can't be funny till I have introduced myself.

I once knew an Irishman. As he was an inhabitant of the same solar system as myself, and was moreover fencing in a paddock for me, I felt interested in him, and used frequently to converse with him.

I once discovered, by the merest accident, that he was fond of mathematics, and from that time I used to lighten his labour by sitting on a log near him, and propounding questions to him. The glow of enthusiasm that would steal o'er his rugged features, and the native shrewdness of his replies, combined with the brutality of his language, used amply to repay me.

One day I said "Pat!"

"What?" said he.

"Suppose ——" said I.

"Hould an a minit," said he.

"All right," said I, grasping the log on which I sat.

"Now then," said he, "I'm ready. I couldn't

be drivin in a rail, and supposin at the same time."

"Well," said I, "suppose I took three quarters of a yard of cloth, and shrunk it down to a quarter of a yard."

[N.B.—I saw by the compression of his lips that he was supposing this all the time he was cutting his tobacco.]

"Well," said he, striking a match, "and is that all?"

"Now," said I, "it is evident that half a yard was shrunk away."

He merely nodded, but a gleam of intelligence shot from under his shaggy brows.

"In the next place," said I, "suppose I took the quarter yard, and shrunk it as much as I did the three quarters."

"You cuddn't," said he, slapping his thigh.

"Why?" I asked.

"Becase you cuddn't," he replied.

"True," said I. "Now why couldn't I?"

"Becase," he replied, "you wouldn't have enough cloth. After you'd shrunk the quarter half as much as you did the three quarters, you'd have no more cloth left—an sure you cuddn't go on shrinking it after that!"

From this simple story we may learn a great deal. Your man of genius is the three quarter

yard ; let him be modest, and shrink as much as he pleases, he can afford it. Your common man is the quarter yard ; if he is as modest as the man of genius, there is really nothing left of him. You will now understand why I rather cultivate and cherish my little vanities and conceits, and you will be prepared kindly to receive this little book, from every page of which either self-complacency smirks at you, or egotism roars. I am conceited as a matter of business.*

My father was an American, and I myself would have followed the same glorious career, had my mother happened to have been in America at the time of my birth.

She herself was a pure Irishwoman, with the brightest brown eyes, and the softest black hair. Now mark how the distant event dodges about before it happens, up and down all sorts of underground passages, as it were, so that you can't tell where it will really eventuate. My mother—if she really ever thought about the matter at all—must naturally have imagined that I would be an Irishman when I was born. But no! Her father emigrates to New York, and my mother goes with him, she being at that time about eighteen

* This very disclaiming of the smallest pretension to genius is, however, true modesty—the constant attribute of the highest genius.—DOLES.

years old. In New York she fell in love with my father, Rufus K. Doles, then agent for Garkles's Pure Balsam of Yucatan. At that time even the most careless observer would have said I'd turn out an American ; but for ten long years I didn't turn out anything—wasn't born in fact.

During this dreary period my father gave up being agent for anything, and became an inventor. He it was that invented Barnum's Woolly Horse, and it was my own father that induced the two well-known ghosts, George and Amelia, to haunt a small caravan for him, so that a person could travel about the country with them, and exhibit them.

Towards the close of this same period he became an astronomer, and got his living by discovering comets. What he would have turned to after exhausting this lucrative field, I cannot say, for his next of kin died, and left him a large estate in the north of England. Thither we all went, and two years afterwards I was born—an Englishman. I may here mention that, by some strange fatality, another little boy was born with me ; but I was always considered the real son and heir, for the other little chap was sickly, and died before he was six months old. I was thus spared the mortification of being pointed at as twins.

My father, during his residence in Cumberland, did nothing but discover comets—and for nothing; till he eventually discovered that he was ruined. No wonder. He was always buying new focuses, and things of an astronomical tendency—but I will hasten to the end.

He had some years before his death predicted the return of a very valuable comet which had never before been seen by the inhabitants of this planet, and which when it did return, would only be visible in Cumberland. Understand, that being no astronomer myself, I do not pretend to any great degree of preciseness in the terms I employ, and that so long as it reads well, I must be content with approximations.

The time approached. The front garden was bristling with telescopes pointing in every known direction, so that the comet would be nailed without the least chance of escape. This was in the depth of an English winter, and for eleven consecutive nights he kept running from one telescope to another, every now and then fancying he saw his comet—at one time he would be deceived by some passing aphelion; at another time some trumpery parallax would cross the focus.

My father died; the estate was sold; my mother married again; and I bolted from the boarding-school with a flute, three and sixpence, and a

Chinese vocabulary that I had painfully gleaned, and carefully copied from a book of travels.

On arriving in Liverpool, I requested a small crowd of very dirty men to show me a vessel bound for China, and on one being pointed out to me, I stepped on board and secreted myself. My intention was to penetrate into the interior of China, and work my way home through Thibet, Turkestan, etc.; whilst I hoped that by committing my vocabulary to memory I might pass for a young Chinese gentleman, and by stopping occasionally to play the "Last rose of summer," the simple villagers would give me handfuls of pulse, plantains, or whatever was going.

Well, the vessel got to China—but I should tell you that it called at Melbourne, in Victoria, first. I had by no means given up my idea of becoming a distinguished Asiatic traveller, and was prepared to endure every possible hardship in my travels through Thibet; but I couldn't stand another two months with the second mate. I am afraid I hated him—I know he hated me, and used to show it by sending me nearly every night, if it was at all dark and squally, to reeve halyards and things through the very end of the skysail yard.

So I at once offered myself as principal tragedian to a small company then playing in

Melbourne ; but being refused a trial, and finding myself nearly starving, I accepted a situation as offside Chinaman in a large hotel ; in other words, I had to wash up dishes, bring water, etc. It was at this period that I composed my "Hymn to Pan,"—but not being able to agree with the Chinese cook, and having become considerably fatter, I left at the end of a fortnight. After spending a year in Melbourne in many and varied employments, I left for Sydney. Here I was at once recognized by a gentleman in a barber's shop as a kindred spirit, and he ordered a lot of poetry of me for his newspaper. It was at this period that I wrote my "Ode to Solitude," which, however, didn't bring me a solitary shilling.

One day, I was walking down George Street, when I met a person, who at once stopped me, and said—

"I say, be a photographer!"

"Why?" said I.

"*I* am," he replied, "and I'll make you one for a ten pound note."

"Does it pay?" I asked.

"It does," was his answer.

From that moment I was a photographer; I am now a confirmed photographer. My unknown friend was John Phipps, and he told me afterwards, that he had spoken to me that way in the

street, because he thought I looked as if I wanted to learn photography.

On my nineteenth birthday, I started for Moreton Bay, and settled at The Swamp, as it was then called. I am still in Queensland, though not settled in Toowoomba, as it is now called. In my little photographic waggon I have travelled all over the colony, from Brisbane to the Barcoo. Photography paid. I am now finally settled among a lot of Germans, five miles and a half from Brisbane. My photography is varied by farming, my farming by literature, and my literature by a wife and three children. And the pith of all this is to show that I have eventually become a bigoted Australian. My mother had marked me out as an Irishman; my father had pictured me as a little Yankee pasting labels on bottles of Pure Balsam; England would have enrolled me among her merchant princes; but I shall always be known as "The Australian Photographer."

P.S.—I like it first-rate.

PROEM.

HAVING now introduced myself in as ample and comprehensive a manner as is necessary, though a thousand curious links were left out, I shall now introduce my book, for I perceive that often when about to jot down some little joke I am checked by feeling that nobody can possibly tell what this book is, or why it is at all. Thus I am like a very sensitive man, who for some important reason is obliged to have his nose painted bright green, and whose business at the same time compels him to appear much in crowded thoroughfares, on foot, without an umbrella. If he is as open and communicative as he is sensitive, he will wish in his inmost soul, that he could stop all the persons he meets, and explain why his nose presents such an unusual appearance.

The whole book arose, or I should say, is arising at this moment, out of a conversation I once had with Pat.

He was a wonderful fellow was Pat. In reality a genius; in appearance a clod. At times so

obtuse that you couldn't get him to see the difference between gingerbread and geology; but at other times so sharp that you never could tell whether he saw the difference or not.

One great source of fun in my conversations with him was that he always took my premises for granted. Well, one day I said, "Of course you know, Pat, that everything has its opposite; that the opposite of black is white, the opposite of a man is a woman." This being admitted, I left him considering what was the opposite of four and ninepence.

I often used to begin talking to him without any set purpose, or on any particular subject, knowing well that we would be sure to strike oil sooner or later; but we had had so many and laughable discussions as to the exact opposite of four and ninepence, that for a long time I used to begin our conversations by getting him to suppose something, and then I would give the problem of finding the exact opposite, which frequently turned out to be something very funny.

Last seventeenth of March was St. Patrick's day as usual, and the evening before, on the Wednesday, that is, Pat had declared that he was bound to go into Brisbane on the Thursday, and have a bit of a spree in honour of St. Patrick. He promised faithfully that he would be back that

same night, so I let the old man go. My wife and children all retired to rest—servant I had none—and I sat down to enjoy my own quiet hour in my own little study. Somehow I thought I would write another comedy; but I couldn't get further than—

Casmiggs the Weaver, and What He Did With It.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

I was accustomed to work out my comedies that way; I used just to invent a title, stick down five or six characters, and then go ahead; and, no matter how I began, they were always sure to get mixed into a plot of some kind. Tragedies I used to write backwards, beginning with some fearful accumulation of horrors, and feeling my way out to what might have caused them. Odes on Solitude I used to begin anywhere.

On this particular evening I couldn't get beyond writing "Dramatis personæ;" and whom to put in besides Casmiggs, I couldn't tell. In despair, I attempted "An Ode," not committing myself to any more precise title, so as to leave myself perfectly free. But the ode wouldn't gee.

I then took a fresh piece of paper, and wrote at the top—

Lines on Seeing a ———.

Here I paused. Other poets had written lines on seeing almost every mortal thing you can mention, so that to make sure of being original, I had to run the risk of being silly, which I did by finally settling to write "*Lines on Seeing a Goat Jump Off a Shoemaker's Verandah.*"

While writing the above title, I heard the gate go; heard Pat ride slowly round to the back door; heard a heavy body fall to the ground, and a voice—"Is it in bed you arr, masther?"

I hurried out; Pat lay on his back and held the bridle of his horse.

"Halloh, Pat! Drunk and disorderly, eh?"

"No, sorr," said Pat, very cheerfully.

"What's the matter, then?"

"Wake, sorr."

"So weak you can't stand?"

"No sorr. Why sure a man ud be a dash fool if he was that wake he cuddn't stand. Wouldn't yez take the saddle an bridle aff o' the old mare, af you plaze?"

"Certainly," said I; and when this was done, I sat down on a block, and discoursed.

"So, Pat, you won't get up?"

"No, sorr."

"Are you going to lie there all night?"

"Not a know I know how long it'll be."

"Well, tell me what's the matter; not bijabberis of the ichneumon, I hope."

"It is nat, then," he replied; "I am thankful to say I niver had a touch of it in my life."

"Then, what *is* the matter?"

"Wake, sorr."

"Just so," said I. "So weak you can't stand."

"Well, may the ——."

PROEM.

PART SECOND.

THE old man was sulky. I knew what had always proved a source of delight to the pair of us.

"Pat," said I, "What's the *opposite* of a man so weak that he can't stand?"

He wouldn't answer.

"Look here," said I, "it's a man so strong that he couldn't lie down!"

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I've been purty strong myself at times; but I was niver taken so bad wid it that I cuddn't lie down *on a pinch*."

The tone of his voice was friendly again, and I could not remember having ever seen him so bright. But he couldn't, or wouldn't stand. This was a mystery, and my curiosity was roused. In the meantime I could do nothing better than let the conversation glide along pleasantly and naturally. He would be sure to give specimens of his own peculiar humor.

I then proceeded as follows, without the least idea of what I was going to say, but taking care

that my manner should make Pat expect a problem.

"Never mind;—*suppose* a man so strong that he couldn't lie down."

"Well," said he, "suppose I've done it."

"But have you really done it?"

"Troth, I've supposed it widin—widin—widin *that* ov it." (Snapping his finger and thumb when words failed to give me an idea of how nearly he had supposed it.)

"Good. Now take your man so weak that he couldn't stand, and"—

"I wouldn't take him as a gift," said he.

"Metaphorically," said I.

"Well," said he, "perhaps if it came to that, I might."

"If he was too weak to work," said I, "you wouldn't expect anything from him."

"Not a haporth," said Pat.

"All he could do would be to use the work of others who could work."

"The man would be a dash fool," said Pat.

"It doesn't follow," said I.

"Folly be hanged!" said Pat. "It ud have to folly af it was me he had to dale wid."

"You wouldn't humor him, and let him just eat and drink what his poor weak stomach would bear?"

"Not a dash humor," he replied.

"Not metaphorically?"

"Well, I might, and I mightn't."

"Of course you would; you're not bad-hearted. You'd let him take a header into lukewarm arrow-root every morning if he liked; I know you would."

"Oh; into two ov them, af he liked," said Pat.

"Of course," said I. "Now take your man so strong that he can't lie down;—what would you do with him?"

"I'd let the fool stand till he cuddn't stand it anny longer," said Pat.

"Yes," said I, "but he would hardly be satisfied with expending his strength on standing only."

"Well, let him go fincin," said Pat, "arr building houses, arr some dash thing like that."

"But suppose he could not build a decent regular house that people would live in—how then?"

"I'd let him take his tools into the bush, and fist hould of his Amerrikin axe, and knock down about four square miles ov trees—box, arr pine, arr ironbark, arr bloodwood, just as they come; and then I'd let him go and build a humpy * for himself in his own way."

"Good!" said I.

"An then," said Pat, "he cud have as many

* "Humpy," a log-hut or shanty.

rooms in it as he liked ; arr he cud have no rooms in it at all, for the matter ov that."

"How so?" said I.

"Why, cuddn't he build his house solid all through?"

"Good!" said I.

"And he cud have all the dash windies lukkin into the house, instid ov out of it. An af he was tired of seein the smoke go up the chimly, he cud dig a hole for it to go down into the ground. And he cud have the top story at the bottom of the house, and the bottom story up top; arr he needn't have air a story in it at all. As long as it shoots himself, what's the odds to the rest ov the passengers?"

GENERAL WIND-UP OF INTRODUCTION.

The Patrician mystery explained—Practical application of Pat's views on building—The Green Nose.

WHEN Pat was under the influence of a day's drinking, all his stupidity settled in his legs, and left his intellect clear and powerful. 'Twas merely his base pediments that felt the rum; you could not say that he himself was drunk.

Oh, my prophetic Pat! Moleskins by any other name would smell as sweet! And I—the author of numerous Etc's—compiler of odes from my boyhood—may yet learn of thee, most transparent, but unfathomable man!

Ever would I sit on logs beside thee, as thou drivest the jocund rail, and hear thy coarse remarks,—carefully picking out of them the undigested grain for my own aliment.

I am the man whose pen is so strong that it can't lie down; but at the same time, I haven't

succeeded in writing a single tragedy, which the world would not most cheerfully let die; and I am now able to admit that even my best comedies fall somewhat short of what has been done in that line by Moliere, Kotzebue, and Sheridan; while Gray's elegy has been pronounced by impartial connoisseurs to be more polished than my Hymn to Pan.

The fact is I have all my life been writing for others, as others have written, and with no success; I am now going to write for myself alone, as I like, and what I like—top story at the bottom, or no story at all. I'll chop down any tree that comes first—I'll do what I like with my own book; you can't stop me. And what I meant by the Green Nose is simply this and no more—"I'll do what I like in my own book."

In the preface you are led to believe that it will be a funny book:—well, when I said that, I thought I would write a funny book; but if ever I feel stupid, and would like to give vent to it in writing, I'll do it. So when the book is printed, (for I want to read my own book in print,) don't say, "How unequal he is—now lively and graceful, and now as idiotic as a Cretin pointing out the beauties of his new goitre."

P. S.—I once knew a man who said that you could joke about any thing on earth. I said you

couldn't. Well, he said he once knew a man who convulsed the company by unexpectedly producing a dead baby from his great-coat pocket. Yes, I said, but that was immoral. He said it wasn't.

MORAL.—*Don't be immoral in your jokes. Many people have been both profane and immoral in their jokes, and in the books they have written for others. That they were profane and beastly solely to please others is their only excuse. When a man writes only for himself he has no excuse for things of this kind. Too many of our funny men would unexpectedly produce a dead baby from their great-coat pocket, if they could convulse the company.*

PHRENOLOGY.

I DON'T know what to think about phrenology. This remark applies to everything else.

I once had a clerk in my store; and he once went with me to a lecture on phrenology. "Foaker," said I, "go and get your skull groped." So he went. The following is what the lecturer remarked.

"Combativeness, large. Love of approbation, hot dinners, etc., middling. Swindling, large. Murder, large. Drunk and disorderly, large."

Foaker looked very unhappy, and the lecturer proceeded.

"This is the head of a man who is naturally inclined to be vicious; but he isn't—because—and this is what shows phrenology to be true—his conscientiousness is larger than any other bump he has: I may say 'Conscientiousness bustive!' Such a man may be trusted with anything."

About a month after that, Foaker robbed me of ten pounds, and falsified the books; so that I couldn't prove it.

"Foaker," said I, when I found him out, "if the

science of phrenology is not very unreliable, you must have brought your hypocrisy to such a pitch as to be able to falsify your very bumps. I'll never believe that the bump of conscientiousness you protruded before that lecturer was a natural one; it was a swindle!"

"No, sir!" replied Foaker with an air of injured innocence, "No sir. The man told you my conscientiousness was bustive—well, last Tuesday it bust, and I went in for some of the other bumps."

His impudence set my Irish blood boiling;—I seized the office ruler, and went in for some of his other bumps too, making such alterations and additions as seemed necessary at the moment.

I let him off the *other* five pounds.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

FIRST SERIES.

IN the following paper I intend to show what may be accomplished by men who never had anything to do it with; by men that from their earliest infancy used to construct watches out of raw turnips, and who always used to give intelligent replies to benevolent strangers, that found them playing on the barren moors, half-naked, or clad in

'The short and simple flannels of the poor.'

Joseph Dunne was the father of several bricklayers, and he himself, but for a malignant fever that seized him when he was a year old, would have become a wheelwright.

The fever left him blind, and deaf, and dumb, though able to run about and yell.

As soon as he was three years old, his poor mother let him out to a farmer at a penny a week, in the capacity of scarecrow.

A post was driven into the middle of the field, and Joseph was tied to it with a yard or two of

slack rope. It is supposed that this simple circumstance must have given the first bias to his mind, and was the germ of his subsequent discoveries.

He soon showed great fondness for tools, and has been seen to ponder for months over a rusty nail.

When he was about ten years of age he began collecting old bonnets, which he used to bear off to his little garret, making a chuckling noise. He used to unpick these bonnets, and get out the wire, which he used then to stretch across the room on little posts.

That untaught lad, by the aid of a common kitchen knife, made a positive and a negative pole. He has lived to see his efforts crowned with success—the telegraph is everywhere! His motto was "Wire in!" *And he did it.*

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

SECOND SERIES.

PETER Jackson Johnson at a very early period of his life became a foundling, and when his wife died, he married again.

From these small beginnings, he managed to save as much money as enabled him to buy a share in a tin thing for baking potatoes in the streets; but two of the legs coming off, and his partner absconding to America with all their available potatoes, he declared himself insolvent, and went through the court.

Things were then at their lowest ebb with him. To use his own homely language,—

"I knowed that honesty was the best policy, and though it was revolting to me at first, I kept on being honest—being honest—till I rose to be the distinguished naturalist you now see me."

He it was who first demonstrated that the ciliary planules of the cimex were the analogues of our common marsipobranchii.

The present writer remembers seeing Johnson,

then a very young man, rushing out into the street with some analogues in a saucer, and shouting *Eureka!* So enthusiastic was he!

He it was who proved beyond a doubt that in the paddymelon, the os quadratum, which in all other gallinaceous molluscs is merely stuck on with a little putty, anchyloses into the convulsions of the pelvis, and thus accounts for the unusual protuberance of the eucalyptus.

He it was that originated the Society for the Propagation of Extinct Animals.

He has invented new birds in various parts of the world, a spotted graptolite, and several new walri. The walrus is, in fact, his specialty.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.

THIRD SERIES.

CORNELIUS Bink, was the son of a poor but honest astronomer, and he himself was actually apprenticed to learn the same handicraft; but falling one day down the focus of a large two-horse refracting telescope, he fractured both his thighs, and burst several of his functions.

For the rest of his life he did nothing but lie on his back and digest arrowroot in a small canvas bag, which a young but ingenious doctor fitted up for him. The experiment succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations, and as he grew older, larger bags, with the latest improvements, took the place of the rude sack, which now hangs on a nail in his room, and which he still points out to visitors as his first stomach.

This trivial circumstance it was that first turned his mind to invention, and for many years he lay on his back dictating useful and startling discoveries to his amanuensis.

Knowing what modern science had achieved for himself, he held nothing impossible, and his first great success was the well-known Artificial

Liver and Bacon, which supplies a want long felt by the poorer classes, being wholesome, (or nearly so,) palateable, nutritious, and cheap.

His Paper Teeth for indigent paupers became deservedly popular. These he used to cut out of common white paper—as an amusement. They were very large, and pointed with the most mathematically regular serrations. The retail price was three pence per dozen sets. The toothless ditcher of eighty and the collapsed charwoman used to look forward with delight to the days on which they might don their holiday teeth; and as they were only meant to gape with, they answered all their wants.

It is true that the more open-mouthed pauper would occasionally have his teeth blown out by a sudden gust of wind, and that on rainy days they soon drooped and sloughed away; but surely it is something that for one farthing, a man in that station of life can purchase two hours' enjoyment of a perfectly innocent nature.

He next patented a simple little contrivance for producing natural dimples on any part of the body, and a machine for unbowlegging tailors.

Fearing that he was taxing his brain too much, his doctors advised him to take up some light and pleasant study.

He accordingly learnt chess, and in six weeks

brought himself to the highest pitch of perfection. He played six simultaneous games with Morphy, not only without seeing the board, but without hearing any of his antagonist's moves reported to him.

It is true that he lost all six games ; but how few could have done even that, under such circumstances, and with such an opponent !

Bink was a modest—and as far as his bedclothes permitted—a retiring man. He was indeed a true genius; and the inhabitants of the village where he was born, have erected a statue to his memory. It represents a man holding a chess-board in one hand, and a small stomach in the other.

JOE THROTTLEBY; OR, LET US BE MORAL.

I WAS once camped outside a township on the Condamine, when the business of a public house was to be disposed of. Photography had not been paying very well for the last three months, and it occurred to me that a man of an active turn of mind, like myself, might make a little fortune in a short time by investing a hundred or two in "The Golden Fleece." The idea took complete possession of me; but conscience stepped in, and asked how I, a hater of drunkenness, could become a publican. After revolving this question for a whole day, it suddenly struck me that I might be the means of doing a great deal of good by reforming the drunkards who would be sure to frequent my place; and by the time I had thought about this for half an hour, I was able to persuade myself that the reformation of the drunkard was my main object.

To further the good work I employed a clergyman (not then practising) who had no objections to hang about my bar parlour, and take his nip

with others, so that he could now and then slip in his warnings to the drunkard, without appearing to obtrude himself.

He did his work faithfully. I have seen that zealous reformer lying on the floor in all the agonies of intoxication, and saying to the unhappy man lying beside him,—

"My friend, this is too bad! Let us be moral!"

At last, two of the worst drunkards appeared to have profited by my poor clergyman's exhortations, for they came no longer to our sink of iniquity; but, alas! we found out one day that they were in the habit of spending their hard-earned wages at "The Shearer's Arms"—without benefit of clergy. They fell into the shearer's arms indeed.

One day when I was washing tumblers at the bar, a gentleman walked in. I knew him to be an inveterate tippler, with a little dirty wife, and a lot of children. It was his first visit to me; and I resolved that as soon as he began to exceed the bounds of moderation, I would tell him.

"Glass of dark brandy," said he.

"Glass of brandy, sir? Yes, sir," said I, handing him the refreshing beverage.

He swallowed it whole, and handed me sixpence.

At this stage of the proceedings I would have

given a hint to my clergyman to come and hang about the bar; but he had had a very difficult case to deal with the night before, and was not yet up.

"Fine weather," said I, dusting a gilt barrel.

"Yes," said he, "another of the same."

"Yes, sir," said I, handing him the seductive fluid.

He shot it into his pharynx, and sat down on a bench.

"My friend," said I, "will you permit one who —who—may I give you a little advice?"

He said I might.

"Then," said I, "check yourself in your downward career, and shun that which produces moral degradation."

His reply, stripped of its technical terms, was to the effect, that not a single career would he stop, and that moral degradation suited him to a T.

I then gave him another glass, fraught with a certain drug which, while it makes the grog much nastier, and thus tends to disgust the drunkard, materially increases the gain of the publican.

"Take this glass," said I, rather sternly, but still kindly, for fear he should go over to the Shearer's Arms, where all they wanted was his money,—"take this glass, your third, and observe its terrible effects!"

He swallowed it slowly, and seemed touched, which encouraged me to come out from behind the bar, and lay my hand upon his shoulder.

"My friend," said I, "let us be moral!"

To my great surprise, he declared positively that he wouldn't be moral, and hit me a violent blow on the chest.

"Behold," said I, "the effects of drink! 'Tis thus you debase yourself."

Here he struck me between the eyes, and stated again that he wouldn't be moral on any consideration.

And as I saw that he really wouldn't, I gave him another glass, and let him go.

My poor clergyman, who had heard the row, jumped out of bed, and hastily recollecting some solemn admonitions, flew to assist me.

"Too late," said I, "he has gone. If he comes to-morrow we must make one more effort to save him."

Pingle smiled sadly, and said he must have some brandy and soda, as his last night's interview with Joe Throttleby had been very trying.

Do you think you could get drunk again, to-night?" I asked.

"I don't know," said he, "I can but try; and if Throttleby comes to-night, I fear I must. I find I cannot be too cautious with him. If he

thought for one moment that I was a clergyman he would never listen to me. And the language I am obliged to make use of in order to keep up the deception—is fearful."

"Technical?" I asked.

"Too, too technical!" he replied.

"Excuse me one moment," said I, and I ran into my bar-parlour where I shed a few hurried tears, and after removing with my shirt sleeves all traces of emotion, I rejoined my hired martyr, for such I might truly call him.

"Moral Pingle!" said I.

"Highly moral Doles!" said he.

That evening Throttleby came. He was indeed a brutal man, and I shuddered as I thought of the danger my earnest and self-denying Pingle would run, if he pushed his admonitions too far; —and he had resolved that very evening to make one great effort.

Through a little window between the bottles I watched all that passed in that parlour, and was ready to dart in to the rescue in case my friend needed help.

[*Enter* THROTTLEBY *and* PINGLE.]

THROTT.—(*ringing*)—What's yours?

PING.—Let us reflect for one moment.

THROTT.—Give it a name, and none of your shinannickin.

[*Enter* HOST.]

PING.—(*sighing*)—Pale brandy, Mr. Doles.

THROTT.—Same as usual.

PING.—Hang you, lend us a plug of tobacco.

THROTT.—(*throwing him a lump*)—Here you are, my son.

PING.—(*cutting tobacco*)—It must often have occurred, even to the most unreflecting, that man has a physical and a moral nature ; (*enter* HOST) a physical and moral nature. Why,—bl—st you, you're not listening.

THROTT.—Yes I am. You said you was going to take some physic to-morrow. Well, I'm going to take mine now (*raises his glass*).

PING.—My friend—weigh what you are about to take.

THROTT.—Not having a pair of stillyerds about me, I'll just drink it without weighing (*drinks*).

PING.—(*drinks*)—Night after night have I besought you to be moderate. One glass is agreeable ; but the second—I dread the second.

THROTT.—(*ringing*)—You talk like a parson !

PING,—(*rising to his feet*)—I talk like a parson ! Confound you, what do you mean ?

[*Enter* HOST.]

THROTT.—What's your's, old brusher ?

PING.—(*sitting down again*)—Pale brandy ; but

why, Oh! why should we thus seek to drown our senses in the bowl?

THROTT.—Same as usual.

(*Exit* HOST, *sighing and shaking his head*).

PING.—Let us nerve ourselves.

THROTT.—Nerve ahead, then.

PING.—(*Rising and taking him affectionately by the hand*)—Let us be moral! Let us not drink it when it comes! Let us *say* we will not!

THROTT.—Oh! won't we though!

[*Enter* HOST.]

PING.—(*shaking Throttleby*)—Fool! fool!

THROTT.—(*Angrily*)—Meaning me?

PING.—Yes; but I apologise.

This sort of thing went on for three more glasses, Pingle, as was only natural, becoming more and more vehement with each glass in his efforts to induce that wretched man Throttleby, to promise that he would be moderate for the future, now that he had plainly seen to what a dreadful state excess had brought them.

At last Throttleby thought it time to show Pingle that he had been listening. He rushed on him with a wild yell, chairs shot convulsively from their spheres, and for a few seconds the carnage was frightful. I rushed to the door. My Pingle, my good, kind Pingle, lay weltering on the floor.

(By *weltering* I mean that he was right on his back). Throttleby stood over him with uplifted arm; and ere I could have reached him, the blow would have fallen; at all risks I must prevent that blow:—

"Stop!" I exclaimed—"Man! he is a clergyman!"

"Yes," murmured Pingle, "and I was going to apologise."

With a shriek of agony Throttleby fled from the room, and died in New Zealand.

MORAL: When people write novels eminently calculated to excite certain lively passions which, in the bulk of mankind, need repressing rather than stimulating, and when they adulterate this genuine stuff with frequent allusions to The Beautiful and The True, and when they believe that they are really doing a great deal of good in the world, then are all the good sentiments and lofty truths which they slip in, likely to be as effectual as the exhortation of Pingle—

"Let us be moral!"

AN ARTICLE.

(NO. I.)

I DON'T know why I write this article—probably, because I like writing for its own sake. I am not writing about anything in particular; but I have resolved that there shall be *nulla dies sine lineâ*. I don't know who said that. I don't care who said it.

I may be stupid in my own book when I like. Sometimes I can't help being stupid. Lots of people can't help it.

There was once a man who had a little black-and-white goat. He was a shoemaker.

This is an attempt at improvising an anecdote. It didn't succeed. I couldn't think of any more. Of course, this is merely an outline.

But to proceed.

Some persons may think it foolish of me to write when I have nothing to say—but it's an exercise of moral courage. Few authors could do it—not intentionally, at least. Macaulay never *pretended* to do it. I like it—you feel so free.

I feel that in this article I am writing for posterity. You don't notice it now; but in a

hundred years' time, a German will write an essay on it, and exhibit his own subtlety while he shows you mine.

In the meantime, I, who wrote it, have to eke out a scanty subsistence by taking photographs.

A favourite maxim of mine is, "that the stupidity of some is better than the wit of others."

I believe, from the bottom of my soul, that I belong to the *some*.

MORAL.—*Human nature.*

SCIENTIFIC.

ONE day I went to see Burpy.

"Good day," said I, "how's your cold?"

"Which cold?" said he. "I have two."

I tried to reason with him; but not being able to find any good reason why a man could not have two colds at once, I let him reason with *me*. His nose certainly had two distinct blows, and he used two pocket-handkerchiefs. For one cold he was taking brandy and gruel; the other cold he was treating homeopathically. He wanted to see which cold would be cured first.

I asked him how many colds a man could have at once. He said, "In rare cases—three; but he had once known a man who allowed himself to have four colds at once, and he would have much benefited the cause of science, but he had once to sneeze for all four colds at the same moment."

All his furniture was smashed; some lungs were found under the sofa; and he left no issue.

KANGAROO POINT.

'TIS a common but trite adage "that it's a long lane that has no turning." Generally speaking, however, it's the short lane that has no turning. But the reader shall judge.

On the third of May, 1869, between 8 a.m. and 9 a.m., I crossed at the lower ferry from North Brisbane to Kangaroo Point. It was a drizzly day.

Just as we were pushing off, a man stepped into the boat. He seemed to be a working man. Over his shoulders, he held a common three-bushel bag. Being a wet day, I concluded that he used the bag to keep his shirt dry. I remember noticing that the bottom of the bag was discoloured.

As we approached the opposite shore he removed the bag, and rolled it up in a peculiarly careful manner. He was the first to set foot on the ferry steps, and was evidently in a hurry.

I have never set eyes on him from that day to this.

BOYS AND OTHER CHILDREN.

NOTHING is more disgusting in children than their thoughtless merriment. Even intelligent children are not free from it.

Being once much harassed with my own private affairs, I strolled forth about sunset to enjoy a little pleasing melancholy.

I suddenly found myself on a flat where a lot of 'banana boys' were playing cricket with the stave of a cask for a bat, and a ball of compressed rags.

As they were human beings, I sat down on a log to contemplate them. They yelled and laughed, and ran, and tumbled and scrambled, and called each other "duffers," and "butter-fingers."

"Poor race of men!" cried the pitying spirit.

At length the ball rolled under a log where I was sitting, and a pale, thin boy about seven years old rushed among my legs.

Before he could get the ball, I collared him.

"Boy!" said I, "are you lost to all feelings of urbanity?"

"Please, I want the ball," said he, clutching at it; while the boy with the bat was making a fearful series of very short and fraudulent runs, amid the frantic applause of his own side.

"Back!" said I, tightening my grasp, "let us reason calmly about it. You're very jolly over your cricket, aren't you."

He murmured that he was.

"As I suspected," said I, "just so. And you don't pause to think that ere another year has fled you may be chained to your bed with a lingering and painful disease?"

"Yes, sir, please sir!" said he, while "Go it, Tom—another!" was yelled by his opponents.

"Do you ever reflect," said I, solemnly laying my hand upon his head, "that at the very moment you are yelling here, your poor father's heart may be wrung with the pangs of despised love—the law's delay—the insolence of office, etc."

He admitted that he hadn't thought of this, and shouted "Lost ball!"

Their game being temporarily stopped, the whole troop came to take the log by storm and recover the ball; but while I held my youth with one hand, and attracted his attention by preaching lay sermons to him, I had artfully fished up the ball and conveyed it to my pocket.

They ran in and out of my legs, and writhed

under the log, and burrowed into the grass, throwing out so much earth with their hind legs that I saw I must soon move.

"Boys," said I, "a word with you. Cricket is not wicked—it is not wrong—but when you play on, and yell and shriek without reflecting that perhaps your thoughtless mirth may ill accord with the sadness of an older person who is within hearing, and whom you must have seen frowning at you,—then cricket is very wrong—it is selfishness! You force me to go to yonder trees where I cannot hear you. Here is your ball."

"If I have said anything, the recollection of which may some day make you better and happier boys—if I have made two blades of grass to grow where none grew before—

> "Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main."

Seeing that the boys had resumed their game, I concluded somewhat abruptly and meandered away to a more peaceful spot.

AN ARTICLE.

(NO. II.)

IT must have occurred, even to the most unreflecting, that—etc.

This is a way I have of beginning a serious article. If it doesn't occur to me what must have occurred, even to the most unreflecting, I give it up, and write something else—no matter what.

I have noticed that I never write rubbish. Whatever it is, it's not rubbish. Lots of people write rubbish. In many instances it pays. I do not write for payment. I have never yet received a penny for my largest tragedy.

How often is it the fate of genius to be unappreciated! I have had a very large amount of this fate,—not having yet produced a single epic which the world would not most cheerfully let die.

I have made the same remark before, and in the same words. It might be remarked by a celebrated living author that I never repeat myself.

This is a lie. But I never repeat other people—at least not so as to be found out.

I have *doubted* whether I am a genius or not Whenever I get into such a fearful state of des-

pondency, I reflect that I am poor and unappreciated, eccentric, irritable in my temper, unhappy in my domestic relations, and only conceited as a matter of business.

Then are my doubts dissipated, and I strike the stars with my sublime forehead. Yet there is something sad about it all; and the refrain to the song of genius is always the same—

"I never loved a dear gazelle,
But when it died 'twas sure to smell."

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE DIARY.

THE following extract from my private diary is here presented because the author thinks that it comes in handy, and is *apropos* to the foregoing article.

JUNE 10th.—Very irritable all day. Think photography a degrading business. Old widower said he wanted a benevolent expression and some massive jewellery inserted in his photo. Seemed annoyed when I told him that I couldn't let him have any benevolent expression, but that I would make up for it by two large rings extra.

Fell over cat, and kicked little Georgy for laughing at me. Lectured Matilda *(wife)* for an hour and a half on the impropriety of petting Georgy after I had chastised him. I then slammed the door violently, and retired to my study, where I wrote what I think one of the most touching "household lyrics" I ever penned. Sent a copy of it at once to the *Queenslander*.

Sowed cabbage, cauliflower, and parsnips. At lunch mutton underdone; and, of course, I, *ut*

semper, at once lost my temper. Tilly rose to put the cold beef on the table for me.

"Never mind," said I, affectionately, "it's not of the least importance."

I then boxed Tommy's ears for choking with a long string of fat, and retired to my study, where I added another page to one of my "Lay Sermons," for, not having eaten since breakfast, I felt sufficiently ascetic to be able to bid the carnal find out for himself how bright and serene his mind's atmosphere is when not clouded by the fumes of meat and vegetables.

Ate ravenously at dinner, and was very kind to Tilly; but in an hour's time a moody fit came over me.

Children sent to bed; I howling wild imprecations after them; Tilly invisible.

Wrenched door off chiffonier because it wouldn't open. Felt relieved. At half-past eight Tilly reappeared. Asked her why she *would* keep out of the way when she could see I was low-spirited and would like a little cheerful talk. Let her kiss me.

Had a little cheerful talk till ten o'clock. Am afraid the neighbours overheard it. It began about the door of the chiffonier which she found lying upon the floor when she entered.

Tried to get her to see it was her own fault; said she knew, or might have known, that I would

be wanting some grog; that I always had a bother with that idiotic door; that if she hadn't gone away, she could have opened it for me.

JUNE 11th.—Didn't go to bed all last night; paced up and down the verandah at intervals. Heard Tilly snore, and, in kicking a chair out of my way, it fell down with a great noise.

Heard baby cry. Tilly called out, "My dear Salathiel, you've woke the baby!"

"Bust the baby!" said I. "Don't speak to me —I'm thinking!"

I *was* thinking. I thought to some purpose. I worked out the plan of a grand Christmas story; and if there isn't pathos in it, and rollicking wit, and humour, and a great moral, may I be essentially perjoddricated, kifered, and otherwise tiddlyumped!!

Whence this irritability—this sudden change of moods?

This is genius. If it isn't, what the dickens is it?

I'll never be conceited again, not even on principle. Your true genius is always modest and retiring. Newton said he felt like a little child that had been picking up shells. Must try to feel this myself. Must let *others* praise me, and if they don't do it, must show by my manner that I'm not angry with them.

JUNE 18th.—Had a good day's photoing. Sold a large assortment of views of very thin blackfellows, holding boomerangs, spears, etc., in an attitude of—holding things.

Strolled into Bobby Scammony's coffee saloon to try and get a game of chess. Saw a man there whom I didn't know. He wore a little spotted coat, and rubbed his chin every now and then.

"Have a game of chess?" said I, as there was no person else in the room.

"I don't play," said he, smiling.

I then turned the conversation to poetry and articles.

"Seen the last *Queenslander?*" said I.

"Yes," said he; "'Bohemian' is as funny and witty as usual."

"Rather strained—isn't it?" said I.

"Granted," said he; "but it's not bad. Give me Doles, though!"

"I am Mr. Doles," said I, giving him as much of myself as urbanity prescribes.

He shook it warmly, and said he was proud to make my acquaintance.

"Why?" said I, modestly.

"You're a regular genius," said he.

"No," said I, "I'm not."

"Well," said he, "perhaps not a *genius;* but you are decidedly clever."

"No," said I, firmly, though it cost me a great effort.

"No?" exclaimed he, "why look at your 'Lines on a Caprimulgus.'"

"Perfect trash!" said I.

"Granted," said he; "but it's not bad. Then there's your article—'On Zodiacs.'"

"Rubbish!" said I.

"Well, perhaps it is," said he; but it's good enough for the bush. However—take your last 'Lay Sermon' but one, 'On the necessity of being forbearing in little things;'—do you know, sir, that an aunt of mine said it was equal to some real sermons she had heard preached in *England!*"

"Sir," said I, rising, "I would have you know that praise is distasteful to me. As I am not likely to have the pleasure of ever knowing an aunt of yours, will you kindly tell her this—You are a young man whom I respect, but I trust that we shall henceforth be as utter strangers to each other."

He clung timidly to my arm, and said he hoped he hadn't offended me.

"Not in the least," said I, shaking him off.

He dropped on a spittoon, and dirtied his little spotted coat.

As I left the room, I had the consolation of

knowing that, although I didn't feel as if I had been picking up shells, I had at any rate been modest and—retiring.

INVENTING NEW DOGS.

IT must often have occurred, even to the most unreflecting, that the way in which men have succeeded in making dogs, is very curious.

There never were any wild dogs such as we now possess ; man has constructed them with consummate art and amazing ingenuity.

Of course he always took the wild dog for his raw material ; but in the case of camels I am lost —perfectly bewildered—for there are no wild camels—there never *were* any wild camels.

Of course the Egyptians must have done it ; but what was their raw material ?—what had they to start with ? We are forced to admit that we do not know.

Once I resolved to invent a new dog for myself. So, to begin with, I got a puppy, and began modifying its structure, intending to have it for the father of the next generation which would begin to show my little alterations. I then intended to take one of these, and modify *it*. But unfortunately I modified my first puppy till it couldn't

stand it any longer. It died of modification of the skull.

Concluding from my experiment that the head was too important a part to meddle with, I conceived the idea of inventing a marsupial dog, that would accompany me in my little rambles, and carry in its pouch such things as a box of matches, some cut tobacco, etc.

I should certainly have succeeded in this attempt, but the climate was against me ; the rudimentary marsupium, which I cut with a common kitchen knife, had to be kept continually open, and I couldn't keep the blowflies out of it.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

FOURTH SERIES.

SIGNOR Abbiamo, the renowned gymnast, deserves mention in these pages, as one who had touched the highest point of his art; although in one sense he cannot be called 'one who has risen,' for his father, Signor Compraste, was a well-known acrobat before him.

Mrs. Compraste having died of fire-balloons when the infant Abbiamo was only a month old, the Signor brought up the child by hand, and sometimes also by foot, for when the babe was cross and fretful, Compraste used to divert his attention by lying down on his back, and with his legs in the air, spinning him round and round on the tips of his toes, tossing him occasionally to an astonishing height.

Observing that the little thing used to get speechless with delight on being thus fondled, Compraste, who was a severe practiser of summersets in private, didn't hesitate to let his infant accompany him.

Holding the bottle of pap in one hand, and the

hind legs of the baby in the other, he would go through his morning practice.

It has been surmised that these little circumstances had something to do with determining the bent of the child's mind; and it is certain that they materially influenced the bent of his legs, which became wonderfully supple, and, as he grew older, developed joints in the most unlikely parts.

When they had both grown to be men, Compraste used to recount with great glee little Abbiamo's first attempt at locomotion.

A relative of the present writer heard him once remark:—

"You see, the little wretch had niver seen a livin sowl barrin myself in the daytime, and the other gentlemen belonging to the Circus at night. And,—not wishin to tell a lie—I walked more on my hands at home, nor on my feet—for practice.

Well, sorr, whin Abbiamo first thried to walk he didn't know which end of him should be up.

He was sleepin on my private spring-board, and whin he woke, he thried to toddle down it on his feet; but the dash thing was that springy, he rowled aff on the flure, so he did. That tuk the consate out of him about walkin on his feet, and wid that he ups, and thries his hands; and may I niver stir off ov the spot, if he didn't take four steps wid the little bald legs ov him cockin up in the

air as natteral as life. Sez I to myself—'My lad, I'll make a Justly Renowned Gymnast of you!' And from that day till he was two years old, I niver let him see me walkin on my feet, not if I cud avoid it,—so as not to let him get into bad ways."

Signor Compraste then inured his little boy always to sleep on a tightrope, till from these small beginnings he rose to the eminence he so long enjoyed.

When only eighteen years of age, Abbiamo challenged the celebrated runner, Deerfoot, to a ten-mile race on Salisbury Plain;—Abbiamo to run on his hands only; Deerfoot to run in any manner he might deem expedient.

A large concourse of spectators assembled. Stonehenge was temporarily piled up on one side, and the race began, Deerfoot, as had been anticipated, running in his usual way—on his feet only. For a second or two, at starting, it was a very exciting contest.

Abbiamo lost;—but how few of our great living gymnasts would have *ventured* on such a race.

OLD SCHWEINHUND; OR, WHY I LEARNT GERMAN.

MY next door neighbours are the Lenzes. By next door I mean that there is a garden between us, and a line of tall banana trees.

Old Lenz is a pine-monger; he even feeds his cows on small and damaged pines run through a chaff-cutter with a lot of straw. He also mongs peaches, and milk, rosellas, sweet potatoes, and earth-nuts. His children all talk German very loud, and his wife doesn't know English.

Three weeks ago I didn't know German, and I intend in this paper to narrate the little circumstance that caused me to learn it; and I may also mention that Adolph is going to lend me a lot of his German books for me to write short little reviews on; for though they have doubtless all been reviewed before, they have certainly not been reviewed from the stand-point of an Australian Photographer.

But to the narrative.

For at least two years I had been under the

impression that old Lenz's Christian name was *Schweinhund*. Now this hideous error arose from my having once heard Mrs. Lenz (Ouyoostah) call her husband by that name, to which he had answered by mumbling something, and going over to her, and also by my having seen *S. Lenz* painted in white letters on his milk-cart.

Now, in the course of time, old Lenz let come to him his nephew from Ukermark; and this nephew from Ukermark being a sort of undeveloped parson with a rudimentary white neck-tie, was soon introduced to me by the proud uncle to whom he had been consigned in order to learn wine growing.

Adolph and I couldn't exchange ten words except in our respective languages, and for the first week all our conversation consisted in his pointing to such things as bananas, cows, bread-and-jam, and saying "Vary goot."

At last he ventured to ask me through his uncle, whom he called his *Dollmesser*, whether I would two or three times a week give him a little instruction in English. Not having any great literary work on hand at the moment, I complied, and read Hamlet aloud to him for the first night. He liked it. I let him, at his urgent request, take the book home with him. All day he would pore over it with his dictionary.

One hot afternoon in the month of February, he appeared on the road opposite my house; he held a large lump of water-melon in one hand, pointed to his abdomen with the other, and exclaimed two or three times :—

"Ozatzees tootoozle leedflaysh voold maylt!"

I shook my head, and remarked in our easy style of English for beginners—

"I not can speak Dutch."

He seemed annoyed at this, rushed into the house, and returned with Shakespeare, where he pointed out what he had not inappropriately been quoting :—

"Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt!"

To proceed with the narrative :—

One evening young Adolf came round for his lesson, and I, being in an unusually good humour, and beginning to feel more familiar, greeted him with "Good evening, Adolf, good evening. And how's old Schweinhund?"

"Schweinhund!" stammered Adolf, in German.

"Schweinhund Lenz," said I, smiling, "uncle belonging to you."

"Sei nam ischt Sebastian," said he.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed I.

He made no reply to this, and we sat down to "King Lear;" but he didn't seem quite at his ease. When our reading was done, he said that

if I called his uncle names that way again, he would not learn any more English of me. I then explained to him why I had called his uncle Schweinhund, and how the mistake had arisen; and I begged him to enlighten me as to the meaning of the word, when to my horror I found that it really was regarded by the Germans as a very opprobrious term.

It was then that I determined to learn as much German as would save me from calling people hideous names when I didn't want to do so, and enable me to review a few of Adolf's German books. I made an arrangement which seemed admirably adapted to the killing of three birds with one stone.

I resolved to read all my own works to him, as I wrote them, and he has to make his remarks about them in German. I have thus the advantage of having good ordinary German talked to me, while Adolf gets in return good English well pronounced, and I am able to hear how my own works read, without being interrupted every now and then by little foolish faults being pointed out.

I have read Adolf all this present volume up to this present article:—*he likes it.* He would have been a clergyman if he had stayed at home, and, for a young man, he is remarkably cultivated.

He was much amused at the idea of a man's

writing a book for himself, and he said he'd do it himself, and put what he liked into it. I told him he might, of course, but that it was my idea. He said it wasn't—a German had done it—and sure enough he showed me next morning the following lines in a German book that smelt like a decayed shoemaker :—

So ich Reime wo geschrieben,
Schrieb ich mir sie mich zu üben ;
So ich Andern wo belieben,
Sind sie Andern auch geschrieben.

I told him it was no doubt quite correct ; but that I hadn't the faintest idea of what it meant. I told him to put it into English. Next morning he handed me what he and his dictionary had made of it :—

So I rhymes where written,
Write I to me them myself to practise ;
So I others where pleased,
Are they others also written.

I then took Adolf's translation, and translated *that* for over a fortnight, till I got *this* :—

If ever I have written any rhymes,
I did it for myself—by way of practise ;
If others have ever been pleased with them,
Well then, they were written for others also.

I then let it stand for a day or two, stirring occasionally, till at last I got this :—

All the verses I have written
Were to exercise my wit on ;
Were others with my verses smitten,
Then for others they were written.

"Adolf," said I, "I'd no idea the Germans wrote like that. This is certainly my own sentiments to a hair. I will most assuredly learn German."

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

FIFTH SERIES.

WE all know how Newton discovered gravitation, and now that it has been discovered we all think we could have done it ourselves, and wonder how people managed before.

Many other philosophers must have seen apples fall from trees; but only one per cent. of them could see how it was done. In the gravitation line Newton was the one per cent.; in balloons it was John Perkins.

This gentleman was originally born at Milston in Sussex, but being a posthumous child, the superstitious villagers would not give him any work; and shortly after this, he assumed a false name, and travelled to Bingham, on foot, a distance of over four miles, where by perseverance and modesty he rose to be footman in the family of a Mr. Walker.

Here it was that he made the grand discovery of the balloon. He had one day swept up the hearth in the library, and was leaving the room

with a tin bucket into which he had swept the ashes, when he noticed that it gradually swung out from him till it was completely inverted,—he holding it at arm's length. It remained in this position for a second, and then dropped.

There had been a piece of paper in the bucket a hot coal had ignited it, rarefication of the air within the bucket was the result, and of course it rose ;—but on becoming inverted, the rarefied air fell out, and the bucket descended.

This had doubtless happened to lots of footmen before, but Perkins was the one per cent.; and the little circumstance, that with common footmen would have been passed unheeded, was followed up and experimented on by Perkins.

He went on using larger and larger tin buckets, till from the comparatively heavy tin he got to wood, and from wood to silk ; burning more and more paper, till from paper he got to oil, and from oil to spirits of wine, till he finally took out a patent for a new kind of rarefied air which wouldn't fall out, and by means of which he could ascend higher than with the old material.

I refer, of course, to that wonderful gas to which he at first gave the significant name of *highdragon*, since corrupted by linguists into *hydrogen*.

But to conclude :—

John Perkins who rose from a posthumous child to be an aeronaut, like other great men, as soon as he had reached the zenith of his glory, began to make a muddle of things.

Being rather short of money, he laid bets to the amount of several thousands, that he would get up to a height from which it would be impossible to descend. *He*—so clear in all scientific matters—was unable to see, or at any rate, didn't see, that if he won his bet, he'd lose it when he came down for his money!

Whether this flashed across him after he had started, and he resolved to keep on going upwards till he died, perhaps half way across infinite space, or whether he sneaked down in the night, nobody knows for certain. He hasn't been heard of for eighteen years. He has certainly won his bet so far.

JEMIMER ANN.

ONE day, twenty years before I was married, a woman told me that she loved me.

"What makes you think so?" said I.

"Well," said she, "one thing is, that though I am not generally shy, I always become so when in your company."

"That is certainly one symptom," said I, "can you tell me any others?"

"Yes," said she; "I have noticed that when I feel inclined to faint, I always try to wait till I am near you."

"Hum," said I, "any more?"

"Yes," said she, "I often find myself thinking about you when I am alone."

"Good," said I, "and have you observed that you start and blush when my name is suddenly mentioned?"

"Oh, frequently!" said she, "and then I turn pale, and try to appear very interested in my crochet."

"You are sure of that?" said I.

"Quite confident," said she, "and I have an

instinctive longing to embroider smoking-caps, and work slippers for you—sometimes bead-slippers, and at other times worsted ones."

"Can you name," said I, "any really ridiculous thing you ever did which might be interpreted as proof of your love for me?"

"Many things," said she,—"one wet day when you had been to see us, I suddenly came across the track of your horse, and I stooped down and kissed it."

"Do you ever dream of me?" said I.

"Very, very often!" said she; "only last night I dreamt of you. I thought you were sitting on horseback, talking to me as I stood at the door; and I thought you looked so noble and good, that I told you my love."

"Yes," said I; "and do you remember what I replied?"

"Alas, no!" said she;—"it all faded away then."

"Exactly," said I. "Well, Jemimer Ann, I know the dream well; I had it myself at the same time. It was last night, about twelve, I should say. I dreamt I was on horseback, talking to you at the steps; and you said I looked so noble and good;—the very words,—then you told your love; and while you were telling it, I felt so much annoyed, that I galloped away full split;—that was the '*fading away*' part."

"Are you sure?" said she.

"Perfectly certain," said I.

"Then you don't ——"

"Not in the least, as yet," said I.

"You never feel that you would give the world for one of my smiles?" said she.

"Really," said I, "I cannot recall having had that feeling."

"You have not longed to make me your bride?"

"Certainly not to my knowledge," said I.

"In plain words—you love me not," said she.

"You can even put it in plainer words than that, if you like," said I.

"Yes?" said she.

"Yes," said I.

"This is fearful," said she.

"I confess I don't see why," said I.

"Never did woman so lavish her affections on mortal man, as I have done on you," said she.

"Quite correct," said I, "you have."

"And I have uttered it all, without keeping back anything!"

"Exactly," said I. "Well, the next time you are in love, don't utter it all—that's all."

"Jemimer Ann, I am about to take a long trip to the far north with my photographic waggon; if you ever think of me again, remember my friendly advice:—

Be as lavish of your affection as you may deem advisable; but don't—*don't utter it all.*"

P.S.—She's not married yet.

INTERVIEW WITH PAT.

"GOOD day, Pat," said I.

"Good day, good day," said he, pausing from the labour of mortising a very thick post, and wiping a rust-coloured face with a mud-coloured handkerchief.

"Suppose ——," said I.

"Haven't got such a thing about me, to-day," said Pat. "There's no more intellect about me, as you call it, than there is about a dash more-pork*—leastways, not to-day."

"The brightest intellects," said I, "have periods of darkness."

"I coerce wid you intirely," said Pat.

"Man," said I, "is so constituted that he *must* have varying phases."

"Oh, he's bound to have them!" said Pat.

"But," said I, "he is a rational being."—

"Oh, the fool!" said Pat, "he is all that."

"— and he can avoid, if he will,

* The "Morepork" is an Australian Nightjar, so called from the resemblance of its cry to the words "more pork."

—any course that he has observed to bring unhappiness with it."

"Not a doubt of it, sorr," said Pat, taking profound draws from a short pipe; "but it's mighty hard for him to avoid what happened a matter of fifteen years ago, in New South Wales;—what's done is done."

"True," said I; "but he can avoid brooding over it. You, in your case, are probably alluding to the fact that you once had a snug little farm in New South Wales."

"I was, sorr," said Pat; "and now I'm an ould man, and obliged to work for me wages, it makes me hang me mouth when I do be thinking of it."

"How came you to lose it?" said I.

"Well," replied Pat, "I lost my wife first, and then I tuk to drink, and the mortgagees came down on me, and sould me off."

"It was a great misfortune," said I; "but you must not make yourself miserable about it for the rest of your life; you still have health and strength."

"Oh, I have, sorr," said Pat, "but there's one thing does be lyin' heavy on me bit of mind, and I can't shake it off till I get satisfaction, and I'll niver get satisfaction."

"What's that?" I inquired.

"Well," replied Pat, "there's a dash wretch

down there now, and he owes me two pounds to me dyin' day ; and he's Lord Mayor of the disthrick, the vaggybone, and whin I knew him at first, he hadn't as much as myself, if he had that same."

"And are you going to make yourself unhappy," said I, "for two pounds that you lost fifteen years ago ?"

"It's not the two pounds," said Pat, "it's the way he chokled me out of it. An' thin, Micky, my bould boy, af it's fornint me ye worr standin' this minit, I'd give you the father of a lambastin'! Luk here, sorr!—he wint and he made a poet of me, and I niver done the likes afore nor since!"

"What is the poem ?" said I.

"It begins this way," said Pat, clearing his throat, and putting himself in a suitable attitude :—

"Oh, Micky McGuire,
You're a thief and a liar?"

"Vigorous, and straight to the point," said I; "well, how does it go on ?"

"It doesn't go on at all after that," said Pat ; "sure I'd nothing more to say, and I niver put another stitch to it."

"My friend," said I, "the poem is perfect! Would that we all could stop when we've said all we've got to say. Alas, how many poems have

been ruined through exceeding a length of two lines! Pat Brennan, you've given me another valuable hint about literary composition; and I will try to take it."

"Well, sorr," said Pat, "I'm sure you're heartily welcome to all the hints I give you about literary, and them things,—it just comes natteral to me."

"That's just it," said I. "Now would you mind telling me, while you finish your pipe, how it was that Micky McGuire cheated you out of the two pounds?"

"Oh, I will, sorr," replied Pat. "I'll niver forget it. If I'd been on the jury, I'd have given him ten years in irons."

"Then he *was* tried for it?" said I.

"Well," said Pat, "he wasn't, to say, *thried* for it; but I thried for to get him thried. It began this way. I used to pass his bit of a humpy* wunst a wake wid butter, and eggs, and the likes of that."

"Well Micky cooeyed† to me one day as I was passin', and axed could I let him have a dozen of eggs. 'I cud,' says I.

"'All right,' says he.

"'Hould on till I get you the money,' says he.

---

* Cabin.

† The "cooey" is the peculiar yell used by the Australians in the bush.

"'No hurry,' says I.

"'Faith, there's not,' says Micky, pattin' a bit of a harse he had there hangin' up to the fence wid the saddle on.

"'That's a nate bit of a harse you have there,' says I.

"'Bedad, you're right,' says Micky, 'and I'd not take ten pounds for him, and poor as he luks.'

"So wid that I drives on to town, and whin I passed his humpy on the road home again, I seen me noble Micky comin' throttin' up from the Avoca road, wid his horse in a lather of sweat.

"'Where have you been?' said I, pullin' up fornint the slip-panel.

"'To Avoca and back,' says Micky.

"'Ah, then,' said I, 'that's the little harse can do his darg,' says I, for it was good forty miles there and back.

"'Faix, he can that,' says Micky. 'He's chape at ten pounds.'

"'Oh, he is,' said I, 'I'll give you five.'

"'It takes *you*,' says Mick, cockin' his weather eye at me. So off I goes home.

"Well, Micky he wint on till what wid butter and bacon and eggs he owed me three pounds. I wanted him to get into me debt, for I knew he had no money, and I was dead nuts on his bit of a harse.

"So one day I says, 'Micky!'

"'What?' says he.

"'Pay me them three pounds,' says I.

"'Wait till I get an offer for my corn,' says Micky.

"'Not a wait I'll wait,' says I; 'but I tell you what I'll do—I'll make a dale wid you for the bit of a coult.'

"You see, purty nigh ivery time I passed that way, he had the dash harse hangin' up at the fence wid the bridle and saddle on.

"'I can't sell him,' says Micky, 'I get a power of work out of him, poor as he luks.'

"'Well, pay me them three pounds!' says I.

"'Hould on a bit,' says Micky, 'and I'll take some more bacon of you, and pay you it all in a lump.'

"'Luk here, Micky,' says I, 'I want the money, and by this and by that I'll summons you, if you don't pay me. Now I'll give you five pounds for the bit of a coult; three pounds you owe me, and here's two pounds more, and we're quits.'

"'Well,' says Mick, 'he's all the harse I have, and if you'll make me an offer for him, saddle and bridle, just as he stands, I'll dale wid you—the saddle's no use to me widout the harse.'

"So to make a long story short, I jumped at

the harse, and gev him fifteen bob for the ould saddle, and hung the harse behind me cart, and he follied me home.

"But when I tuk the saddle off him, the back was all aten away wid galls, and you could almost see down into his works!

"You see, sorr, Micky he'd niver let me set eyes on the harse wid the saddle off, and he'd niver been to Avoca that day, nor more than a cooey from his humpy—he'd concocted the sweat himself wid soap-lather, and he was doin' it on purpose to kid me on to buyin' the poor baste.

"Off I goes to Micky, full tear.

"'You thief of the wurruld!' says I.

"'Didn't you warrant him sound in wind and limb?' says I.

"'I did,' says Micky.

"'And what do you call that?' says I, pointin' to the back of him.

"'You don't call that a limb, do you?' says Mick.

"'No,' says I, 'I don't.'

"'Then I'm sure it's not the wind of him,' says Mick.

"'Pay me them two pounds,' says I.

"'Go and bag your head,' says Micky.

"'Ah, then,' says I, 'it'll be the sorest chokle iver you chokled whin you chokled me out of them two pounds.'

"Well, it stuck at two pounds, for I sould the harse, saddle and bridle, just as it stood, to a Chinaman for three pounds, and Micky he owes me the two pounds to my dyin' day."

"And you served a Chinaman the same trick that Micky served you," said I.

"Small blame to me," said Pat," "sure, what's a Chinaman but a yellow black-fellow wid a tail ?"

"But," said I, "I wouldn't play such a trick even on a black-fellow."

"Well, sorr," said Pat, "it's to be hoped you'll get more sense when you get older,—not manin' anny offence, sorr."

RISE AND PROGRESS OF MATHEMATICS.

HOW small and simple have been the beginnings of the most important things!

Between the marine ascidian and man there are degrees that must have taken fully five thousand years to accomplish.

Galvani notices that frogs hop off the table when sulphuric acid is applied to their dorsal extremity, and this is the small point from which the telegraph ultimately arose.

An old Greek notices that *you can take a point anywhere*, and on this little point was reared the grand structure of Geometry.

Another old fellow goes and discovers the line A. B. Probably he didn't know the value of his own discovery; probably other fellows laughed at him and said it was a chimera—the offspring of a diseased imagination. Probably he felt so annoyed at this, that he wouldn't discover any more lines, for there appears to have been, after that, a long blank in the history of mathematical discovery.

We musn't laugh at these old Greeks for demonstrating things that are, to us, self-evident. We can all see at a glance, now, that a square must have four sides, and that all the interior angles of any rectilinear figure, together with four right angles are equal to twice as many right angles as the figure has sides; but we must remember that the world was then in its infancy, and that the Greeks hadn't seen as many squares, and things of that description, as we have.

Hence they took the trouble of demonstrating every little thing they dropped across, and wouldn't even enter into argument with you, till they had distinctly ascertained that you would admit certain things they called "axioms," such as that—a whole pumpkin is greater than a part of the same pumpkin, etc., etc.

If you would grant this, and a few other things of a similar tendency, then they'd talk to you, and prove all sorts of funny things, if you were fool enough to let them.

Young Australians are apt to look down upon these old Greeks because they happened to live in the world's infancy; and as I notice that I am beginning to write of them in a flippant strain, I will check myself, and give as chronological a table as I can, of the most remarkable discoveries of the early mathematicians.

CLEON.—Discovered that you could take a point anywhere.

STRIX.—Proved that all plane figures have extension.

PYTHAGORAS.—Experimenting with three pieces of stick, accidentally discovered the triangle, and refuted the absurd theory of Chrysippus who pretended he could do it with two sticks.

ARCHON.—First conceived the idea that things which are equal to one another, are equal to the same thing.

ARCHIMEDES.—Invented the line A. B. amidst the applause of his pupils.

PHALAKOS.—The ingenious inventor of obtuse angles, died in the workhouse.

DIOPHANTUS.—Author of several treatises on the line A. B. of Archimedes, discovered the sign + (plus), and left obscure hints about another one, supposed to have been — (minus).

AUTOLYCUS.—Pupil of Diophantus, when only thirty years old, discovered the sign — (minus) after many abortive attempts. Magnificent obelisk to his memory in the market-place at Alexandria, with the sign — (minus) beautifully carved on it in alto-relievo.

PHILARCHIAS.—Founder of a school, following up the sign — (minus) of Autolycus, found that if two of them were placed parallel to each other,

each to each, horizontally, they would produce the sign = (equal). Assassinated by the pupils of a rival school, because he said he considered himself doubly equal to Autolycus.

After this it was all plain sailing for the great Euclid ; the line A. B. had been demonstrated, a lot of other lines, angles, etc., had been discovered, and all he had to do was to work up his materials. I have never read his book ; but I believe he has done his work conscientiously.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

SEVENTH SERIES.

LUDWIG Von Schaffhausen, a foreigner, cannot be omitted from these sketches, for he is such a capital instance of how a man, originally the son of a common brewer, may rise to be the greatest toe-pianist of his age.

When only twelve years old he happened to be brewing something or another in his father's establishment, when some machinery inadvertently caught him by the arms, and he was only saved from instantaneous death by the presence of mind of a man who chanced to pass that way with a scythe, and who at once chopped him off by the shoulders.

The father, who appears to have been of a mean and grasping disposition, annoyed to think that his poor boy would never grasp more, turned him out of the house in disgust.

This was just what Ludwig wanted. He retired to a lonely barn with some sausages and a flute. For months he practised, and suddenly the

inhabitants of the town were electrified by seeing a bare-footed youth lying on his back in the principal street, and playing the flute with his toes.

I need hardly add that it was little Ludwig Von.

He played all day, and only rose from his awkward and undignified position when the heap of coppers that had accumulated over him began to impede his respiration.

After buying a coarse roll at the bakeries, he converted his coppers into a silver dollar, which he kept all his life, as being the foundation of the colossal fortune which he afterwards so nearly amassed.

His great perseverance and singular talent for toe-music attracted the attention of the Doge of the town, who assigned him some garret in the Dogal residence, appointed him a yearly allowance of fifteen thalers (over three pounds of our money), and advised him to learn the piano.

By rigid economy Ludwig saved as much money in four years as enabled him to purchase a second-hand piano, and after several weeks of hard practising, he had the pleasure of announcing to the Doge that he had succeeded in stretching an octave. The Doge said that he was glad to hear it, and presented him with two shirt-collars and some cut tobacco.

Thus stimulated, Ludwig practised with increased energy, and in three weeks' time performed at a public concert, playing with wonderful precision the most difficult passages from Beethoven, and another man whose name I forget at this moment how to spell.

After this, any amount of Doges wanted to take him to their palaces; but Ludwig refused to leave his early patron.

Ludwig V. Schaffhausen was a man of the most polished manners, and an author describes him as having so successfully overcome his want of arms, that, except from his sitting rather back in his chair at dinner, a stranger would not readily notice that he was carving, drinking wine, bowing, etc., with his feet.

He died of ossification of the pelvis, caught one evening through trying to play two pianos at once.

THE BITER BITTEN.

ONE balmy morn in December, the present writer transported his little camera down the Breakfast Creek road, to photograph the house and grounds of a government official. As he may not like to see his name in these pages, I will call him Edward. He'll know who it is when he reads the story.

For a long time I didn't succeed in getting a good photograph, and as I appeared to be a gentlemanly person, wore a snow-white coat, and had made a pun, he asked me in to lunch with him.

It wasn't much of a pun ; it was about his bamboos. He had gone to great expense in buying bamboo cuttings, which, contrary to our usual experience of bamboos, wouldn't *strike*, so that he had two lines of jointed poles, instead of a beautiful avenue.

"Well," said I, "as it's evident you've been *bamboozled* by the man, *'ave a new* lot off some person else."

It was not without a certain degree of trepidation that I suspended my mushroom in the hall

of a government official ; but I nerved myself to appear at ease.

As I entered his superb drawing-room, my eyes were bewildered with the objects around me, and, like a drowning man, I clung to a seven-and-six-penny album, as being something sufficiently earthly, and within the range of my understanding.

It opened at the portrait of a contented-looking old gentleman with one hand conspicuously posed so as to exhibit a large ring.

" That," said Edward, " is Doctor Stonkin who murdered another man's uncle, and then committed suicide."

" Ah," said I ; " and who is this ?" turning to the portrait of a particularly mild-looking youth with no perceptible chin.

" That," said he, " is the notorious Bunch who poisoned four of his intimate friends one after the other, having previously induced them to insure their lives in his favor."

At this I jumped up (*internally*) but didn't let him know that I had any idea of what he was doing. I myself had a very good collection of criminal celebrities, as they formed part of my stock in trade, from which I took copies for sale. Bunch was one of my photographs, and my genuine Bunch was not a bit like his.

"Ferocious expression of face," said he, "when you look well into it."

When I did look well into it, I clearly saw that it was a likeness either of a brother of Edward's or Edward himself, disguised as a new chum.*

Further on he shewed me Mrs. Wear, who had been hung for a variety of things. I also had Mrs. Wear, and my Mrs. Wear bore no resemblance to his, who was in all probability his mother, for she too had a very faint chin.

I was on the point of saying, "A truly disgusting object!" and didn't, just as lunch was announced by a gong.

In the confusion of the moment I offered him my arm, which he politely but firmly declined, and we walked separately into the dining-room, which was less gorgeous, it is true, than the other room, but very chaste.

Here I was introduced to Mrs. Edward, and we sat down to a collection of remarkably fine sardines, fresh from the tin. I still appeared to be a very gentlemanly person, although an obscure photographer, so when I asked him if he wouldn't call on me at my little house in the country, and inspect my photographs, he graciously signified his intention of calling next time he passed my way.

*A "new chum" is a new comer to the colony.

Well, he didn't happen to pass my way for three years, when on account of his bamboos having formed a perceptible avenue, he wanted to have his house and gardens again photographed, to let his poor relations in England see what a splendid place he had; though he very probably cautioned them at the same time, not to dream of coming out unless they had a very large capital, as there was not the least chance of getting a government billet.

"Welcome to Collodion Hall," said I, showing him into the parlour.

"Colonial Hall!" said he, "quite an imposing name."

"Yes," said I, "it does sometimes impose on people. Have a glass of sherry?"'

He said he would, and while we sherried, I handed him my little album of criminal celebrities for home use.

He opened at Mawker, hung in Sydney for a peculiarly atrocious murder.

"Wilberforce," said I, "from an oil-painting; great cerebral development combined with expansive forehead; considerable firmness indicated by the projection of the jaws, but great philanthropy in the mouth."

"Just so," said he; "a sweet face."

Turning over, he was struck with the picture of O'Connor, the Victorian bushranger.

"Professor Snike," said I, "the greatest analytical chemist of the present age."

"Highly intellectual cast of face," said he.

We next came to the photograph of the aged and infamous Kirby, who was hung in England for a complication of crimes, ending in the murder of a whole family.

"My father," said I; "one of the kindest and best tempered old fellows you'd meet in a day's ride."

"Doesn't he look——" said Edward, hesitating, for Kirby really had a most villainous look about him—"doesn't he look as if he had—as if he had had some severe trials?"

"Yes," said I, "he had one very severe trial towards the close of his life—he was tried for murder and hung. The next is the notorious Bunch, and the next is Mrs. Wear; allow me to give you copies of them as an addition to your little album at home, for I fear that those you have are not the pure merino."

He smiled sadly, and never passed my way again.

MR. JAGG.

ONE morning before breakfast as I was transplanting some cabbages, a shabbily dressed gentleman entered my garden.

"Are you Mr. Doles?" he asked; and I admitted that I was.

"Permit me then," said he, "to pay my tribute to genius!"

"Certainly," said I, "but would you please do it on the path—I have young onions where you are standing."

"Sir," said he, "I have read your poems in the Queenslander. I have had my eyes on you for a long time. That epic of yours—'Montezuma' is equal to anything Tennyson ever wrote in his life."

The tears rose to my eyes, and I bent over the cabbages to conceal my emotion.

"But," said he, "what has it brought you in the shape of cash?"

"Nothing," I murmured.

"Who appreciates you? Who knows you?"

"Nobody," said I.

"Why?" he asked.

"Can't make it out," said I, "and I'm sure I've been as eccentric and irritable as any genius that ever walked the earth."

"Of course, of course," said he, "but *who knows it?*"

"Alas!" said I, "only my wife."

"Mr. Doles," said he, "I'll tell you the whole secret—you want a biographer! How is it we know every bit about Johnson, Pope, Cowper, Byron, etc.? Simply because they had biographers. We know more about one day of Johnson's life, after he had Boswell, than we do about twenty years before. Sir, how are people to know that you rise at six, and plant—cabbages, say, till breakfast, or that you have very violent fits of—passion, say; or that you have a peculiar way—say of breaking your egg,—who is to know all these little things if you have no Boswell?"

"Well," replied I, "but I don't want the world to know that I have violent fits of—passion, say."

"Granted," said he, "but it's the lot of genius. Not but what, if you eventually decide upon engaging me, we could come to some terms by which I might make things pleasant for both parties, and leave out any little thing that you don't want the world to know."

"What would you want a week?" said I.

"A pound a week, and my board," he replied.

"But," said I, "you couldn't spend all the day in taking down every little remark I might make; and some days I hardly speak a word."

"Oh," said he, "you'd be sure to say something."

"But perhaps nothing original," said I.

"Sir," said he, "we treasure every little remark that falls from a man of genius."

"True," said I, "but if I made the same little remarks every day, you wouldn't put them down every day, would you?"

"Sir, I would," said he.

"But I wouldn't like it," said I. "I would prefer that on days when you are not dogging my footsteps to catch any stray words of soliloquy that may slip from me, you would make yourself generally useful in——"

"Chopping um—er—wood?" he asked.

"And in works of a kindred nature," I replied. "On days when I am not going to make any remarks worth jotting down, I'll give you a hint, and you can dig in the garden, chop firewood, etc., etc.; but on days on which I feel like Johnson, you shall be regarded as a Boswell."

"I hope it won't be only on Sundays," he remarked timidly. "You must know, sir, that I

have had some good jobs in the biography line when I was in England, and I never had to soil my hand with work ; however I'll try it. I can tell you some very curious anecdotes of literary men in England."

"Can you ?" said I.

"You'd better believe it !" said he ; "things heard and seen in the literary world, by myself. Why, sir, I was once concealed for a whole day under the little red sofa in Tennyson's study, and I watched every move ; my employers gave me fifty guineas for my notes."

"I shall be truly glad," said I, "to hear some of your anecdotes. In the meantime dig in the garden like a man, and make as many notes for my biography as you can. This agreement may be broken by either party at a week's notice."

"I'm on," said he.

"Methinks I hear the sound of distant steaks," said I, advancing towards the house.

"Ha, ha !" said he, "alluding to the crepitating noise of frying meat ! Very good !"

"What's your name ?" said I.

"Jagg," said he.

"I'll call you Boswell, for short," said I. "And allow me to inform you that I can show you a certain field in biography which, as far as I am aware, has never been touched."

"What's that?" he inquired.

"I often talk in my sleep," said I, "and make very witty remarks, and sometimes laugh till I wake my wife. Often have I begged her to try and remember till morning some of the original ideas I have broached in my sleep; but she never can. This itself is a totally new idea. Once a week, or so, I will have a bed made for me on the sofa, and you can watch by me with your note-book. It will pay you."

Somehow or other these last remarks of mine seemed to depress his spirits, and it was not until he had been repeatedly helped to very thick pieces of steak that he recovered his usual buoyancy.

I may stop to remark here that I knew that I was displeasing my wife by bringing him in to breakfast without warning;—but what was I to do?

After breakfast I lent him a shirt, which kindness he repaid me in tributes.

"Sir," said I, "your feelings do you credit as a man; but don't pay tributes to me except when we are alone."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because," said I, "Mrs. Doles has frequently tried to dissuade me from being a genius, and she is not fond of hearing the subject alluded to.

Sir, I hope you will find the buttons all right."

I then directed him to a little room in the hut where my faithful Pat lived.

"Salathiel!" said my wife from her bedroom. I entered thoughtfully, and closed the door.

"Who is that?" said she.

"That's Mr. Jagg," said I.

"Is he an old friend of yours—or what?" inquired Matilda.

"My dear," said I, "he is a biographer; he follows celebrated men about and writes their biographies."

"Is he going to follow you about for that?" asked she.

"Only for a week or two, on trial." I replied.

"Oh," said my wife, "then you *do* call yourself a celebrated man?"

"Well, my dear," said I, "that is the sort of thing I let *others* call me."

"Then you don't deny it?" said she.

"No," said I, "I can't well deny it."

"And he's actually going to write your biography?"

"Yes," said I, "I think I'll take a pound's worth, or so."

"Can you afford to keep a biographer?"

"Well," said I, "I admit it's rather a luxury; but his real work will be to dig the garden,—biography will only be his relaxation."

"Then, of course," said Matilda, "he will live and eat with Pat for the future."

"Certainly," said I.

"And," said Matilda, "you must get me a servant girl as soon as possible—a new chum fresh from the Depot."

"Fresh from the Depot," said I, retiring to have a word with my biographer.

"Mr. Jagg," said I, "are you really hard up for a job?"

"I am," said he; "there is so little doing in my line about Brisbane just now."

"In the biography of celebrated men?"

"Yes, sir," said he, "it really won't keep me."

"Have you nothing else to fall back on?" I inquired.

"Well," said he, "I do odd jobs of reporting, now and then,—I'll not deny it; but I'm a biographer by trade. I was travelling biographer for a large publishing firm in England,—five guineas a week, and expenses paid. When a gentleman wrote a successful poem, or a novel, or what not, they used to send me down to his private residence. Sometimes the gentleman would engage me himself,—if he wasn't very celebrated he'd be sure to; but if he wouldn't, I used to get my notes on the sly by bribing servants. I have known me give as much as five

guineas to be shewn under a sofa before a family was up,—sandwiches and sherry handed under the sofa to me when there was a chance, a guinea extra."

"What made you come out to Queensland?"

"Well, you see, sir," he answered, "I was told in London that there were so many men in Queensland who would be celebrated,—if they were only known, that I looked on the colony as quite a new field. But I found it too new a field for that business. Why—I've only had one permanent engagement as a biographer since I came out, and that was for one of the largest squatters on the Darling Downs, who went smash about my third chapter of him, and had to turn auctioneer. And even then, I was more book-keeper than biographer on the station."

"Mr. Jagg," said I, "that leads to what I wanted to say:—I'll engage you to dig up my garden at a pound a week, and let you have as much biography as you can make out of it, by way of perquisite. You will live and get your meals with Patrick Brennan, my fencer. He also would be very celebrated if he were known, and he has a first-rate latent biography, which you will no doubt be able to extract. Pat cooks for himself, and gets as much of all kinds of eatables as he wants; Mrs. Doles only bakes his bread.

If the same arrangements will suit you, say so."

In another ten minutes he was digging in the garden, and I was riding into Brisbane, to my studio, then in charge of my able assistant, Peter Flap.

PAT AND THE CROCODILE.

"PAT," said I, one evening when we were having a confidential chat, "what do you think of our new servant girl fresh out from Ireland ?"

"Well," replied Pat, "I think she'd not be a bad-lukkin' gyurrl, if she would only wear stays on them thick ancles of hers."

"Yes," said I, "perhaps that is rather her weak point."

"Her weak point ?" said Pat, "bedad then I should say they worr a dash strong point !"

"Remember," said I, "that she's a poor new chum, and moderate your strong language if you think she is likely to hear it."

"Oh, the fools !" said Pat, "it's just like them. I can't make out what does be bringin the innocent poor people from ould Ireland, to come and live in a dash hole like this—over-run wid snakes and santipees and muskeeties."

"Now, hold on a bit," said I, "before you run down the colony that way. I'll give you a pound for every snake you've seen for the last seven

years, if you'll give me a penny for every one you haven't seen."

"Done!" cried Pat, "and you can draw me out a cheque for the amount. I can reckon up five snakes I seen myself, and the only one I did not see was one that was killed by a chap of the name of Bothered Joe."

"And do you think," said I, "that there were no snakes in the colony but the five you saw, and the one Bothered Joe killed?"

"Oh, there was lots more," said Pat, "but I'd nothin to do wid them one way or another."

"You didn't see them," said I, "so you owe me a penny for every snake in the Colony."

"Thrue for you," said Pat, "and if you'll give me my five pounds for thim I saw, you can make out your account for all the snakes I didn't see, and I'll pay you fair and honest like a man."

"No," said I, "I'll not pay you any pounds at all, till I can find out what would be a fair thing to deduct from them."

"Well, you're right, sorr," said Pat.

"Not a doubt of it," said I. "And don't always be running down the Colony. Have you seen a single snake for the three months you've been here?"

"Nare a one, sorr," said Pat: "but the last snake I saw tuk fourteen men of us two days to kill him."

"Killing him all the time?" I asked.

"Off and on, sorr," said Pat. "It was at Campaspe Downs on the Fitzroy. We worr shearin'; and one night in the men's hut, this snake attacked the cook when he wasn't lukkin; and there's no knowin' what would have happened if he hadn't woke up in a hurry when he felt it. So he screams out, and the whole fourteen of us jumps up and flies to arms. All I cud lay hoult of was a pint-pot, and when I discharged it at him, I retreated to my blanket. Well, one man chopped it in two wid an axe, and the head end of him disappeared up an empty pair of trousers—luckily the man was out of them at the time—and about a dozen of them tackled on to the tail end of him, and bathered it into gruel, while the rest of us worr lukkin for the other end of him; but we cuddn't find it high or low, till next day at dinner, a chap seen him squintin' out behind the flour-bag, and this time they killed all but about two inches of him that connived away wid the dash head of him; and we niver seen a hair of him after that till the nixt day at dinner the cook remarrcked him thryin to move his head into a pair of boots; but he'd got that weak wid not havin any stummick for two days that he cuddn't manage it, and while he was concocting what he'd do nixt, the cook smashed him wid a lump of waddy."

"If that's the worst thing you've got to say against Queensland," said I, "you've no reason to run it down the way you do."

"The worst thing?" said Pat, "why that's one of the best! Luk at the crockidiles on that same Fitzroy! I'll niver forget to my dyin' day what happened to me. Luckily I cuddn't swim, or I'd have spent the rest of the day in the stummick of a crockidile. I was only a new chum in them parts, or the overseer would have cautioned me agin the river. Howandiver, one Sunday I goes down to the river wid a bar of soap, thinkin' to wash the dust off of me; and I strips and goes into a shally part. Now, if I'd been able to swim, it's out into the middle of the river I'd have been, where the crockidiles does be swarmin like blow-flies.

"Well, I had got a good lather, and was makin for the bank to come out, when what should I see but a log about ten yarruds off. I hadn't noticed it before; but thinks I, I can step out on that log clane and convanient widout dirtyin my feet. So I makes for the log, splashin and singin as hearty as a piper, and the moment I turns that way, it sticks one end up in the air, and off down the creek at full gallop.

"If I was to live to my dyin day, I'll niver forget the turn it gave me! You see, sorr, I'd niver

been taught crockidiles at school, and I thought it was a soort of a Bobby from the next world, come to arrest me for singin 'Sprig of Shillaly' on Sunday.

"I gev a lep in the air, and made a straight thrack for the hut, and not a stitch on me but the bar of soap. Well, the overseer he axed me what was my hurry, and I tould him.

"'It was a crockidile,' says he.

"'Then there raly is such things?' says I.

"'There is,' says he.

"'Ah, then, that's a good job, says I,' 'for I thought it was something a dale worse.'

"'They'll always run from a man,' says he.

"'They will?' says I; 'then, if you'll lend me a gun next Sunday, I'll pepper them.'

"'You cuddn't,' says he, 'not wid a gun; the hide of them is about a foot through;—it's a rifle you want.'

"So nixt Sunday he borrowed the boss's rifle; but he didn't purtind it was for me he wanted it.

"'Luk here,' says I, whin he gev it to me, 'what's all this about, at all—is it to wind it up wid—or what?'

"'It's a breechloader,' says he, and wid that he insinced me into the way to load and fire it; 'and,' says he, 'there's one thing you must know—if you want to hit an object at a hundred yar-

ruds, kape this bit of a flap down ; and if you want to hit at five hundred yarruds, put it this way, and if you want to hit at a thousand, put it straight up.'

"'I see, I see,' says I ; 'and if you want to hit at over a thousand yarruds, I must pull it back to me agen, up to two thousand yarruds.'

"'No ;' says he, 'it's only sighted for a thousand yarruds.'

"'All right,' says I, 'I'll clear the river of them.'

"So off I marches wid me rifle, and a dozen cartridges, as bould as a little regiment ; and when I got to the river, I sneaked about till I spotted one of them crockidiles. He was lying in the sun, chewin the cud, about a hundred yarruds off me. I tuk up my position behind a fallen tree. 'Now my darlin,' says I, 'I'll just slip one of these balls right in betwixt your two eyes. But, you've a mighty tough hide, so I'll not waste the hundred-yarrud shots on you ; but I'll just give you a taste of the five hundred yarruder to commince wid ; for,' says I, 'if it 'll kill you at a hundred, it 'll knock you stone dead, if I put it at five hundred.'

"So I takes fair aim, and pulls the thrigger. Bang goes the rifle, and I sees the crockidile just cock his ears, and run about fifty yarruds further.

Well, I knew he was hit, for I aimed at the ugly head of him, 'but,' says I, 'I see where it is,—your hide is that dash thick, I shall have to put on the thousand yarruder, before I can make a hole in you.' So I sighted it for the thousand yarruds, and let him have it. Well, this time, he blew his nose, and lukked up, but he never stirred a step.

"'Another like that,' says I, 'in the same place, and I'll engage I'll work a hole in you in the course o' time.'

"So I let him have another thousand yarruder, and I thought he lukked weaker after it, for he niver shifted, but only moved his tail to one side.

"I was gettin' him by degrees.

"'Now,' says I, 'I'll just give you one more, and then I'll go and inspickt your carcase.' So I jammed the sight as hard up as I cud, and let him have it hot and strong—the whole thousand yarruder fair betwixt the eyes, and he never stirred hand or limb. 'That's one of you,' says I, 'though if it goes on this way, it 'll take a power of cartridges to clear the river of you;' and off I marched to have a luk at him. Well, sorr, I'm not tellin' you a word of a lie—when I got about half way to him, he made a run and dived into the river! That'll show you what a crockidile is; and the next one I shot was worse, for I don't

think I was seventy yarruds off him, and I slipped the two thousand yarruder into him, and he just set his ears back, and takes a header into the river, grinnin'.

"That rifle was no more use for crockidiles, nor if I'd been peltin' them wid potato peelins, and so I tould the overseer. To kill a crockidile, sorr, supposin you've no cannon handy, you want a rifle sighted for about four mile, and you to get up to about fifty yarruds off them. Well, they've got nothing like that in the old country, and take it altogether, I say Australia is a dash hole, good enough for crockidiles and black-fellows, arr the likes of that,—but it niver was built for a white man like you arr me."

This was Pat's story of the crocodile, and when I came to think it over afterwards, I found that he had given me another capital hint about literary composition.

People who write books are supposed to be aiming at producing a certain effect; they repeatedly miss it through excessive and unnecessary hyperbole. Let us try to accommodate our style to the class of readers we are writing for, and to the subject we are writing on. Let us not be always *sighted for the thousand yards.*

REASONS WHY THE EARTH IS ROUND.

I DON'T know why I chose this subject. But this is a digression. The earth is round because of an immutable law—*all spherical bodies are round;*—the earth is spherical; hence the earth is round. We term this form of reasoning, a syllogism. I might have put Q. E. D. after it. Lots of people do. But to return. Only round bodies can have attraction of gravitation; the earth has it; it is found everywhere.

Gravitation is what is used when you want to go down a coalpit in a hurry. It is also used for a variety of other purposes.

It travels in straight lines.

If it were to go crooked, it would be found very awkward to deal with.

All immutable laws, with but few exceptions, go in straight lines.

If a straight line could be made long enough, it would have no end.

A line is a point in motion.

Motion is a funny thing.

Properly speaking, there is no such thing as motion; for if you suppose all the stars, etc., in the universe blotted out, with only one remaining, and that one moving at what would be three million miles a second, if there were another point in space by which the motion could be measured,—then it could be proved that this body is really standing stock-still, for as space is infinite, this one body is not getting an inch nearer the end of it, but is, on the contrary, only wading deeper into it. Hence, motion is only an appearance.

This is what we term '*a profound thought.*' I might have put a note of exclamation after it. Lots of people are surprised when they have a profound thought, and that's why they put notes of exclamation.

I never use them.

But to return. Reader, if I have said anything which may tend to dispel the gross clouds of ignorance in which you are involved; if I have made two blades of grass grow where none grew before, then I'll write another little scientific article by-and-by.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

EIGHTH SERIES.

THOMAS Rudd, who a few years ago attracted a considerable share of the public attention, deserves mention in these brief memoirs, on account of the astonishing rapidity with which he rose from being the son of a cheesemonger in the west of England to be the strongest man on record.

The sons of remarkable men have not unfrequently owed a great deal to their mothers; in the present instance this was most especially the case.

When Thomas was but a fortnight old she had him vaccinated, and noticing that it required the united efforts of four men, besides the doctor, to hold him down during the operation, it occurred to her that if proper attention were paid to his training, he would grow up to be a remarkably strong man.

This little circumstance attending his vaccination, would, but for the mother, have been entire-

ly unnoticed, for Rudd, the father, was stone-blind, and a monomaniac,—his whole soul being absorbed in the buying and selling of cheese.

Before little Thomas was a year old, he began to show the usual instincts of other strong men, by trying to straighten horse-shoes, and double kitchen-pokers round his neck ; and his kind mother used to humour him by keeping his nursery well supplied with stout iron bars, and small boulders of granite for him to smash with his fists.

When verging on eight years of age, he began to play various little tricks which, as his intellect did not expand with his muscle, made his mother almost fear that when he grew older he would become dangerous. Among other little pieces of wanton mischief that he did at this period of his life. I may instance his pulling the leg off a housemaid and all but completely eviscerating the postman.

Fortunately his love for his mother was capable of, in some degree, restraining him, and however eager he might be in the commission of one of his childish freaks, he would always stop when his mother said in a gentle voice—

" Fie, fie, Tommy, that's naughty !"

On one occasion (in his tender years) he saved his father's life through his mother having made that remark ; but the old man was confined to his

bed for eight weeks after it, and never interfered with his little boy again.

In this manner did the domestic life of Thomas glide along until he was twenty years old, when his parents, seeing plainly that he was too strong for a cheesemonger, advised him to travel and exhibit feats of strength as a professional athlete.

For several years did Rudd astonish the world with his extraordinary muscular efforts, and indeed some feats were almost incredible.

He could crack a walnut by holding it as one holds an eyeglass, and then winking ; he could lift a ton and a half with one arm, blindfold ; tear, with his hands only, a common blacksmith's anvil to ribbons in eight seconds and a quarter ; and thrust his head through six inches of solid planking, without first greasing his head, as is commonly done.

During the whole period of his public career, Rudd was singularly abstemious, his doctor having informed him that unless he kept himself down by low diet, he would die of muscular degeneration.

His usual regimen was :—

Rise at five ; take a long walk into the country with half a ton or so strapped on his back; breakfast at eight,—cup of weak tea with a slip or two of dry toast ; dumb-bell exercise with anvils till twelve, varied with tearing large iron balls to

pieces with the fingers; lunch,—cup of beef-tea, or slice of bread-and-jam. After lunch he used to permit himself one pipe of tobacco, and while smoking he would amuse himself by trying to learn his letters; but he made, as he himself used jocularly to remark—"very little progress with them."

Before coming to the closing years of this truly strong man, I may mention that he possessed the very rare faculty of instantaneously increasing or diminishing his weight at will. His actual weight was a little over sixteen stone; but more than once, when placed on his back on the scale of a weighing machine, he has, by the mere straining of his muscles, gradually brought himself up to thirty-four stone.

His vanity now prompted him to attempt sensational feats, such as allowing cannons, anchors, and things of that kind to be dropped on him from a great height, and he once got his left arm severely bruised in this way.

He next advertised himself as warranted to catch a ball fired from a cannon carrying ten to the ton; and he indeed did catch it, for his skull was terribly fractured, and to make matters worse, his wrists were so severely strained that he was unable for more than a week to give any public performance; but as soon as his wrists

were all right again, he engaged himself (unwisely perhaps) to stop an express train going at full speed.

The directors having kindly given him permission to try this totally new trick, Rudd took up his station on the line, intending, it is believed, to seize the last carriage and gradually pull back to his full strength; and he had backed himself to stop the train in two hundred and fifty yards.

The sides of the cutting were lined with spectators, and as the train approached, Rudd tied a handkerchief firmly round his skull, which was merely temporarily put together for the occasion, bowed smilingly to the nobility and gentry, and placed himself in readiness.

For one so far exceeding in strength even the strongest of his acquaintances, it must be acknowledged that Rudd was considerate and forbearing. He was never married.

ARABELLA.

ONE day, about fourteen years ago, I told a woman that I loved her.

"How do you account for it?" said she.

"You are so beautiful," said I.

"Beauty is only skin-deep," said she.

"Deep enough for all practical purposes," said I.

"Perhaps you are right," said she, "but don't you love me for anything else?"

"For a variety of other things," said I.—"You are so good."

"What led you to infer that?" said she.

"Your beauty," said I.

"Beauty again," said she;—"'tis but a fleeting shade."

"All right," said I;—"but it's very nice to fleet along beside it."

"Well," said she, "admitting that you have accounted for your love, what leads you to believe that you actually *do* love me?"

"Everything," said I; "I breathe you in the

atmosphere,—I hear you in the warbling of the "—

"Of course, of course," said she,—"we all do; but apart from generalities?"

"Another man's smiling on you is as arsenic and castor-oil."

"To me?" said she.

"To me," said I.

"Admitting that," said she, "what else leads you to infer that you love me?"

"My life," said I, "appears only to date from the day I first saw you."

"That," said she, "I can believe, as it will partially account for your childishness."

"Another thing," said I; "I have noticed that nothing you say pains me:—try me—call me 'fool.'"

"Fool," said she.

"Madman," said I.

"Madman," said she.

"Ass and slave," said I.

"Ass and slave," said she.

"There!" said I,—"do I look pained?"

"Not to any great extent," said she.

"Certainly not," said I; "and another thing I have noticed is that the least word you utter that is at all in my favour, fills me with rapture, and other things of a similar description. Try it,

and observe the effect;—note the workings of my countenance; say 'noble, true-hearted man.'"

"Noble, true-hearted man," said she.

"Beloved," said I.

"Beloved," said she.

"My own, own darling," said I.

"My own, own darling," said she.

"Now then," said I, "did you observe my flushing cheek, my kindling eyes, and other little accessories?"

"I did," said she.

"Well," said I, "wasn't it true to nature?"

"I fear it was," said she.

"Then you believe I love you as much as I possibly can?"

"Yes," said she, "indeed I do."

"My own dear!" said I;—"but enough of this foolery. We understand each other. How do you like it? But, of course, I have only given you a mere outline."

"Well," said she, "I don't think we'll add any more to it."

"Don't I love you?" said I.

"Certainly," said she, "but you have never thought of enquiring whether I loved you."

"A ridiculous oversight!" said I, "I didn't inquire, as you say. Arabella, do you love me, my own darling?"

"Not in the very least," said she.

"My angel," said I, "you amaze me. How do you account for it?"

"Your extreme youth," said she.

"You err," said I, "I am over thirty."

"Yes," said she, "but I mean dating your birth from the day you first saw me; you are now in the troublesome stage of teething; when you have attained your majority, by this reckoning, we shall be able to have some pleasant little chats together. At present I am but as an indiarubber ring on which you are working your little gums."

"Arabella," said I, "I believe there is a great deal of common sense in that last remark of yours."

"No doubt there is," said she; "and if you mind what you are about, you will by and by get a little common sence of your own."

P. S.—My mind is at last beginning to get a slight coating of it; but it's desperate hard work—this getting artificial common sense when you haven't got it naturally.

AN ARTICLE.

NO. III.

I MAY be stupid in my own little book, if I like. This is my own little book. I feel stupid. Nobody need read this article. I'm not cheating anybody by putting it in. It won't be long. I can't make it long. But to return. Nobody knows what stupidity is. Sometimes it comes on you quite suddenly. Lots of people never know when they are stupid, because they have never been brilliant.

I always know when I'm stupid. It doesn't pain me. I am quite sensible all the time, only I can't think. It's no use trying a glass of brandy for it ;—I once tried it, but it only made me worse.

Perhaps there are some people who think this article brilliant ; if so, it will come in handy for these people. And now I look over what I have written, it *does* look rather smart. I don't remember the name for this kind of smartness ; but I notice that all the sentences are very short. They are not involved. You can't involve them much.

But, *revenons*.

The last word in the foregoing sentences is French. I don't know French; but I know several words that other authors who don't know French are in the habit of using. I know these words, only I don't keep putting them in. I might often use the words *éclat*, and *à la fourchette*, and *par excellence*. People always do this when they don't know French, and then other people know that they don't know it. That is why I never use French words. People will then say "He had a thorough knowledge of French." For the same reason I never put in any German words such as '*yavole*,' etc. And I never put in any Latin or Greek, or Sanscrit or Persian, or Arabic or Hebrew. As long as I don't put any of these things in my book, people will think I am a linguist. I like people to think I am a linguist. Of course, I don't say that I am, but that I may be for anything they know. All I say is that as soon as they see a person constantly sticking in foreign words when his own language would do as well,—

I didn't finish the last sentence. Sometimes you insult the reader by making things too plain. Anybody could tell how I was going to finish that sentence, so I stopped.

Sometimes you insult the reader by going on writing when you know they don't care how or when you finish. Feeling that I have arrived at that point, I now stop.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

NINTH SERIES.

THE pages of biography present us with few names more note-worthy than that of Archibald Cameron, or "Wee Archie," as his mother used to term him when he was a baby.

His father was a common gentleman; but had it not been for his having once, at a public meeting, spoken slightingly of haggis, he would have been unanimously elected Laird for the ensuing year.

"Wee Archie" was, from his very cradle, backward in everything except mental calculations, and at the age of eighteen months, long before he could articulate the usual "*gah gah*" of infants, he could count fluently up to three millions six thousand and eighty.

It is supposed to have been intuitive.

He paid but little attention to his father and mother, probably because they were so easily counted; but a large flock of sheep, or a hail-storm afforded him intense delight.

After having ascertained the names of the letters in the usual alphabet, and calculated, by permutation how many different ways they could be placed in all possible groups of twos, threes, fours, etc., he forgot their very names, and was never known to refer to the subject again.

Being once asked by Herschel how many figs of negro-head tobacco would equal the bulk of the planet Jupiter, he gave the answer with great promptitude, and on verification it proved to be only a couple of figs out.

When twenty years old he was induced to marry a Miss Headrick ; but after having calculated how many children he might reasonably expect in an average life, and how many descendants might proceed from them in ten thousand years, he seemed to forget her very existence.

It has been conjectured by Babbage, that this in a great measure accounts for the fact that he left the bulk of his property to a favorite nephew.

As he grew older, ordinary social intercourse with him became almost impossible : to every question he would give a fearful string of figures in reply.

When asked to take another slice of mutton he has been known to answer—

"Forty-eight million, nine thousand,"—numbers probably referring to the cubic inches of

atmospheric air breathed by an average sheep, with average lungs during the period of an average life.

In like manner, the only term of endearment he ever applied to his wife (Miss Headrick) was "thirteen billions," a number supposed to refer to their possible descendants in ten thousand years.

After a pork supper he would move uneasily in his sleep, and moan out whole pages of consecutive logarithms, and in many instances valuable nautical tables for computing longitude, etc., which circumstance was often taken advantage of by Thodper, the well known compiler of such tables.

It was not at all surprising that "Wee Archie," as his mother used to term him, caught a severe biliary calculus which at length pulled him down.

As he breathed his last, he pressed the hand of his neglected wife, and passed away breathing the words :

"*Thirteen Billions.*"

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

TENTH SERIES.

THE name of Walter John Dobson will occur, even to the most unreflecting, as that of a man who stands peerless in the production of all that is brutal and horrible, and at the same time perfectly idiotic, in the shape of novels.

He has always enjoyed a wide popularity, as any man must who addresses himself to fools; and great praise is due to Mr. Dobson for having so sedulously cultivated a species of literature that supplies the intellectual and emotional wants of millions who would otherwise read nothing.

As soon as he could read, he happened to fall in with a cupboardful of books belonging to the nurse; and he devoured "Roddibombo the Rover, or, The Idiots of the Deep," "The Demon of Venice," "The Bravo of Milan," etc., etc., and the result was that his mind became imbued with the spirit of these books to an alarming extent, so that although he was not naturally vicious, he

conceived it his duty to attempt all sorts of horrible things. As a writer he was always trying to convulse the company by producing a dead baby from his great-coat pocket ; and, there is no mistake, he has produced a great many. He always has his rifle sighted for a thousand yards to make sure of hitting what lies within a hundred.

But the reader shall judge for himself.

At eight years of age he was sent to a boarding school in consequence of having frightened his little sister into fits by making her believe that he was going to dispose of her to some Moors for fifty ducats and a new whip; and he hadn't been six weeks at the school before he attempted to hire two of his little school-fellows, aged respectively seven and eight, to assassinate the second master, binding each of the bewildered little chaps by the most fearful oaths, to endure any amount of rack rather than betray his accomplices.

The plot came to nothing, owing to young Dobson's having spent in jam tarts the four shillings he had intended for the bravos.

At the same school, when in his tenth year, he entered into a treasonable correspondence with one of the housemaids, promising to abduct her at the end of the half, and fly with her to a villa in Italy.

This infamous project fell through, in consequence of his forgetting all about it when the end of the half came.

In his eighteenth year he began writing horrible stories for a family newspaper, and gradually felt his way till he attempted his first novel —a small affair, truly, with but two murders, one abduction, and a common barn-door ghost.

But in his second novel he gave unmistakable evidence of his genius.

Out of the thirty-eight principal characters in this great work, twenty of them are disguised at some time or other during the progress of the plot ; six are murdered in a pleasing variety of ways ; four are troubled with cold metallic gleams in their eyes ; six of them are Lords, and one an Eastern Potentate ; three are false heirs ; and people in visors are always stabbing at the real heir all through the book ; but he revives at intervals of fifteen chapters each, and finally things take a turn, and he comes out all right.

Of the thirty-eight only six are meant by the author to be fools, the rest are intended to be villains ; but it is certain that the whole thirty-eight will be regarded as fools by any reader who isn't one himself.

Parts of the book are not at all of an immoral tendency, and the episode of Reginald de Courcy

may be cited as a very instructive little bit, showing so clearly as it does, what must be the fate of a man who tries to love two women at once, when he hadn't the common sense to love neither of them.

Reginald at first fell in love with a woman of such exceeding beauty that he reeled like a drunken man the moment he set eyes on her, and swooned right off when she inadvertently smiled near him.

He thought it was the salmon of which he had just partaken ; but noticing that always when he saw her, and when she smiled, he reeled and swooned respectively, he no longer sought to disguise from himself the fact that he loved Claribel, for that was her name.

He followed her to Rome disguised as a cardinal; he'd have followed her to Queensland disguised as a new chum.

In Rome he met another lady, who, when he saw her, made him reel further than Claribel did, and when she smiled he swooned perceptibly harder than when Claribel smiled,—or he thought so.

He knew it wasn't salmon. He felt that it was love—for Beatrice.

After pollgandering about after these two ladies till he has become but the shadow of his former self, and after he has become nearly mad because

he cannot determine which lady he loves best, he managed in his disguise as a cardinal to hear the confession of Beatrice, which is to the effect that she is Claribel in disguise.

Overjoyed at the thought of marrying both these charming creatures in one, he strips off his cardinal's coat and things, and declaring that he is their own Reginald, is about to shout to some priests to come and marry them at once ; when Claribel informs him that since it has come to that, she must tell him that she is really his sister Bertalda who was stolen by gipsies when a baby.

I need scarcely add that Reginald committed suicide the moment he heard it.

Dobson was a sensible man, and did not, like many geniuses, try to do too much :—he never made all his characters disguise themselves, nor let them all be assassinated; and the consequence is he has a large family, (a son in the army, or nearly so) a regular income of a few adequate hundreds, and millions of readers.

ADVENTURES ON A STEAMBOAT.

I ONCE went by steamer from Rockhampton to Brisbane. Matilda and little Tommy were with me. Strange to say, we had a very vulgar man in the saloon. His name was Bofle. His wife was also very vulgar, and they had a little vulgar boy with them.

At table Mr. Bofle informed us that the fat of pork when warm always turned his stomach; but that he could eat any amount of it when it was cold, and more solider like. He gave us a lot of information about other things of the same kind. We all gave him to understand that his little paltry stomach was a matter of perfect indifference to us; but, as we didn't exactly swear at him, he didn't understand us.

His little boy shrieked inarticulately for more pickles, upset my beer, and scooped the jam off my plate. Had the journey been likely to last a month, I should have assassinated the little boy. His mother would remark "Ah, Georgy, that's naughty." Then the little boy would say

"You shut up." Then she and the father would go off into guffaws of laughter, in which I would most heartily have joined had there been any chance of Mr. Bofle's catching apoplexy with it. On one occasion his little vulgar boy clutched my little gentlemanly boy by the abdomen, and swore at him. I don't know what it was for; and when Matilda endeavoured to disengage his hold, he called her a "beggar."

One day after lunch when several of us were on deck, I took Bofle on one side. "Sir," said I, "I believe you are a married man."

"Any fool might know that by this time," said he, with what was meant to be an urbane smile.

"Have you any more boys like that?" I enquired pointing to Georgy.

"Our only child," said he.

"Just so," said I. "I suppose now, you can stand any amount of his little ways?"

"Stand em;" exclaimed Bofle;—"Me and my missus couldn't live without him."

"Singular,' said I. "Well, look here,—I hope you won't think me at all unfeeling,—but just as you feel about the hot fat of pork, I feel towards your little boy;—he's a very nice little boy for those with whom he agrees, but for my part I should prefer a boy of that sort cold—cold, sir."

"What do you mean?" said he.

"I mean," said I, "that if I couldn't bring up a boy to be something like a human being, I should prefer him dead."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said he, "I thought at first you was alluding to my little boy. I believe you; there's boys out in these colonies as bad as the wild blacks. You should hear my little Georgy say his catechism, and d o g dog, and c a t cat, and he's only just turned five!"

"But he's rather unruly," said I.

"Oh, well," said Bofle, "boys will be boys, you know. We were boys ourselves once."

There being no denying the truth of Mr. Bofle's last remark, I left him with a sigh, and went and shut myself up in my cabin. It was evident that Bofle couldn't understand how a man can be very much annoyed and disgusted without either swearing or offering to fight. And it was further evident that unless you said a thing right out, he couldn't guess at your meaning. Now I got so thoroughly roused with the calm and peaceful vulgarity of this man, that I resolved he should understand me without the slightest chance of mistake, and at the same time in such a manner that he couldn't resent it. I hoped also to make a permanent impression on him.

As we were steaming across the Bay, I begged Matilda to aid me in my scheme by just stopping

in the cabin for five or ten minutes or so, till I brought our little gentlemanly boy back to her I then took the boy and left him under charge of Maculloch, an engineer whom I knew well, with directions that he should keep him concealed in his room till I called for him again. I then rushed excitedly into a group of passengers, among whom stood Bofle and his wife.

"Has any one seen my little boy?" I inquired in a choked voice.

They all looked round, and said they hadn't seen him for some time.

"Then he is drowned!" said I, turning to Bofle. "My poor dear Tommy is drowned! About half an hour ago I noticed a little boy floating astern of us; but I didn't say anything—I thought it was *your* little boy, sir!"

During the confusion that followed on this announcement, I darted away, and in another minute I was seen bearing my little gentlemanly boy back to his mother, amid the uproarious laughter of the passengers, Bofle looking as if he was going to call me something.

MEN WHO HAVE RISEN (BY ONE OF THEMSELVES).

ELEVENTH SERIES.

WERE it not that the wretch, whose life I intend briefly to set before myself, was an Irishman, I should certainly not sully the pages of my own little book with even an allusion to him ; but being the only Irish miser on record, I am bound to notice him.

Patrick McFudh, or, "Poor Paddy McFudh, Esquire," as he used afterwards to call himself, lived with his widowed mother at his manor, near the town of Clonboggarty. He was notorious for open-handed,—nay, profuse generosity, and his mansion was the centre of the most charming society in Ireland, but through a blow on the head which he received while fox-hunting, he became a miser on the spot.

He began by discharging all servants, selling all horses, hounds, books, pictures, plate, furniture, and clothes, blocking up all the windows, and sending his aged mother to her relations swathed round with old newspapers.

He afterwards rose by degrees till he became the most consummate miser that ever died. Elwes, and Daniel Dancer, compared with McFudh, were wanton prodigals.

He must have concealed hundreds of thousands of pounds; but though several years have elapsed since his death, and though the strictest search has been made, nothing but one and sevenpence in coppers has yet been discovered, and as this was found ten feet below the surface of the soil, in digging a well, we must conclude that this was only a temporary hiding-place for his beloved cash.

On one occasion a small gang of burglars fried him for three hours without succeeding in extorting the smallest coin from him; and a common amusement of the boys in town was to club up their half-pennies till they had raised three or four pence, and taking McFudh into a wood, bargain with him as to the number of hours he would let himself be stoned, battered about the face with stakes, and otherwise mauled, for a fixed sum.

He only stipulated on being paid in advance, and never refused a reasonable offer.

The following anecdote may be relied on as authentic, having been communicated to the present writer (myself) by a person whom he knows well.

McFudh never did spend a single farthing by any chance, and everybody in Clonboggarty knew it; but so amusingly ingenious were the means by which he would try to obtain the smallest favour for nothing, that many persons who thoroughly detested him, and saw through all his dodges, often let him have what he had laboured so hard to obtain.

The story shall be given as nearly as possible in the exact words of the pastry-cook:—

Ould Paddy McFudh, the waggybone, used to live on nothin but the pure starvation itself, wid now and then a cowld putatee, arr the likes ov that. Howaniver, to make a long story short, he one day passed my shop, and he remarrcked a stale mutton pie that had been stickin' in the windy for about a fortnight.

"Save you kindly, sorr," says McFudd steppin' into the shop; "and what's the price of your tuppenny pies?"

"Tuppence," says I, "and may the blue Peter choke you," says I.

"Arr they raly as high as that?" says he.

"They arr, then," says I.

"Cuddn't yez make a reduction for a cowld one?" says Paddy.

"Well, give me the penny half-penny," says I.

So wid that he shticks his hand up his back,

and down his throusers, and in and out ov a lot of holes, till he managed to scrape up two half-pennies.

"I can't raise the capital," says he, "not to-day; but if yez would kape the cowld pie till to-morrow, I'll see will I raise the other half-penny. I'm an ould man, and I wouldn't wish to impose on other people's kindness, arr I'd offer you the two half-pennies for it, and welcome."

"Well," says I, "hand over the two half-pennies, and I'll give you the pie," says I.

So he comminced countin out the half-pennies one by one, and whin he got to the first one, I cud see it was a bad one.

"One of thim is bad," says I, "bad scran to you! And af you utter it on my counter, it'll be sivin year to you."

"Oh, musha, musha!" says he; "it's ruined intirely I am. I'm an ould man, and I've not broke my fast to-day. It's proud I'd be to offer you my last half-penny; but sure, nobody would like to take the last half-penny of an ould cripple."

And wid that he turns round to lave the shop, cryin as if he was fairly bustin wid starvation.

"Here's the pie, you dirty blagyard!" says I, "and you can kape your half-penny."

So he twists the pie out of me hould wid his

both hands, and I laughed to think how he'd come round me wid his ways; and what does he do whin he sees a smile on me, but he axes me would I warm the pie up for him, "for," says he, "it's a bitter cowld day, and I'm an ould man."

"Ov coorse I'll do that same," says I, "not a haporth that 'll be out ov my pocket."

So I takes the pie into the kitchen, and shoves it into the oven, and while it was warming I sends the gossoon round to the pottecary for sixpennorth of croton oil, the best superior, and I lifts up the lid ov the pie, and drops the croton down into the middle of the mutton, and I gives the pie to Paddy.

Well, when the desavin ould wretch gets out wid his pie, he sees a poor beggar-woman wid a child at the breast. So he consales himself behind a hedge, and when he'd sucked ivry bit ov mutton out ov the pie, he shticks the lid on again, and follies the beggar-woman up, and sells her the empty pie for a halfpenny.

Well, next door to that was a shebeen shop, where he used sometimes to go for a glass, and let a butcher that lived convanient give him a black eye for it. The butcher he runs over as usual, and hits Paddy a black eye, and gives him a mouthful ov the rale stuff, whin the croton begins to work. I'm tould it was as good as a

weddin to see him rowlin about and yellin. The long and short ov it was that the polis nailed him for assaultin them in the discharge ov their duty, and he got a month in jail for that, and for havin a pain in his shtomick in the public streets.

* * * * *

Such is the pastry-cook's story, and yet, so strange a being is man, that, in all likelihood, poor Paddy McFudh, Esquire, of Clonboggarty, enjoyed his life as much as most people.

He died in the act of masticating the stump of a wax vesta that he had picked up in the street. In person he was of a middle stature, and had light hair.

MISS BINGO.

ONE day Dick Fulgin told me in my studio that he was in love with Lotty Bingo.

"And I'm in love with Miss Bingo," said I.

"I suppose we'll be brothers-in-law," said he.

"I see no way out of it," said I.

"Odd—isn't it?" said he.

"Very," said I, "but what can we do?"

"Nothing that I see," said he.

"Oh, can't we though!" said I. "We can speak to them and tell them."

"I've done that," said he.

"To be candid with you," said I, "I've got as far as that myself."

"I've given her my photograph," said he.

"So have I," said I,—"fourteen—gave her ten yesterday."

"Fourteen!" said Fulgin, "I only gave Lotty one."

"Quite sufficient for her daily requirements," said I. "But Miss Bingo is different; she's a good deal older, and not so easily impressed."

"Well but," said he, "I should think that one photograph would do as well as fifty."

"Yes," said I;" but they are all different. Here is the series."

"Number one shows me down to my waistcoat pocket—full face—dreamy look about the eyes—bump of softness expanded to its utmost limits."

"Number two exhibits me in a riding-whip—full-length portrait—not so intellectual—wisp of hair coquettishly jutting into right eye."

"Number three represents me standing against a richly carved pillar—end of white handkerchief ingeniously contrived so as just to bud out of breast pocket—right leg carelessly thrown over left knee—urbane and slightly cocky expression of countenance."

"Number four. The humourist—ends of a genial smile perceptible at corners of mouth—slightly sarcastic twist of one eye—gentleman's coat, and linen to match."

"Number five. Side view—sedate look, like a man going to build a bridge—protuberant moustache—bump of self-esteem carefully brushed down so as to be almost imperceptible—very striking profile."

"Number six. Back view—exhibits the arrangement of my raven tresses—ends of moustache well brought out—considered a good likeness."

"Number seven. Smoking a short pipe, in my shirt-sleeves—one hand on a book—desired to show what sort of expression my face wears when quite off my guard, in the privacy of my own humpy. Good-natured look all over. This is a great success."

"Number eight. The perfect gentleman—black suit exhibiting large creases from having been long folded, so as to show that you really are rigged out in your very best—stiff look about the legs—photographic smile well brought out—hair very flat—ears apparently erected. A solemn and a touching spectacle."

"Number nine. Victor Emmanuel—volunteer uniform—officer—great determination without a particle of humility—look as if superior officers had just been saluting me—breast very massive, with lots of room on it for medals, ribbons, Victoria crosses, and little luxuries of that kind. A very telling photograph with women."

"Number ten. Writing a poem—eyes looking forward into the future—general rapt expression of a man seeking a rhyme for *step*. A beautiful study."

"Number eleven. Legs as far as waistcoat—exhibiting muscles of the calf—trousers very tight at the back."

"Number twelve. After dinner—general look

of plethora—leaning back in chair with eight buttons of the waistcoat open—linen over the abdominal region appears to throb with suppressed meat and vegetables—lethargic droop in the hands—Satiety on a monument smiling at beef."

"Number thirteen. A failure—front view of me sitting with my feet on the table—face supposed to have an American expression and a cigar; but it wouldn't focus, being so far back, so I stuck in a flower-vase on the table between my feet—soles of the boots wonderfully distinct."

"Number fourteen. Ordinary human being thinking of nothing, with no expression brought out anywhere—coloured photo—very fine."

"Will you do fourteen of me like that?" said Fulgin.

"Certainly," said I; "but it will come expensive,—you must remember that it costs me nothing,—I took them all myself."

"Oh, I don't mind the expense," said Fulgin.

"Then again," said I, "you must bear in mind that I took great pains to get the expression of my face to match with the leading idea in each portrait. How are you off for expressions?"

"Oh, pretty fair," said Fulgin.

"Then again," said I, "they will take many weeks to do, unless you've got all your expressions handy. Why I was days and days before

I could tone down to the man going to build a bridge; and I thought I was never going to get this perfect gentleman—this touching spectacle, till one day I had a severe cold combined with indigestion; I at once borrowed a suit of box-clothes, flattened down my hair and there I am. If Miss Bingo had been ten years younger I needn't have tried this photo at all."

"I'd try anything for Lotty Bingo," said Fulgin.

"Of course," said I; "but you'll still find it hard to get over a dozen photographs. I admit that in number thirteen you only see a flower-vase and the soles of my feet; but in number eleven I had to throw some character into the calves of my legs, and it required an effort, I can tell you. As for number fourteen, anybody could have that done for him;—it's our common barn-door photograph."

Well then," said Fulgin." "I'll wait and see what Miss Bingo thinks of yours."

So in a day or two I called on her.

"What do you think of me?" said I, the moment I had informed her that it was very warm to-day.

"You're all of you so much alike," said she "that I can hardly be certain which is you. I was very much struck with two of them."

"Pardon the little deception," said I; "they're all me, and we're all devoted to your service."

"You told me that they represented yourself and your thirteen brothers," said she, coldly.

"Miss Bingo," said I, "I was determined to succeed, and therefore I took myself in a variety of pleasing characters, so that whichever should make an impression on you, I could triumphantly exclaim, 'It's me! It's myself!'"

"Mr. Doles," said she, "I am not accustomed to have deceptions of this kind practised upon me."

"Of course not," said I;—"a very laudable ambition. But do say which two struck you the most, and I'll be those two characters as long as I live."

"I decline to point out the two," said she.

"Mary—Miss Bingo, I mean,—show me the two favoured ones, and I'll be them till this fond bosom of mine shall cease to throb."

"Well," said she, "I was particularly struck with the one representing your legs, and the one that shows the soles of your feet with a pickle-jar between them."

"Then I am in a pickle indeed," said I, "for how can I always keep my calves so tightly strained out as they are here?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said she.

"And my little offering comes to this!" I exclaimed. "Never did photographer take such pains as I did with these; and I took them all myself!"

"Then," said she, "will you do me the favour of taking them all yourself once more?"

"Willingly—joyfully!" said I.

She handed me the packet, the whole fourteen, and her meaning dawned gradually upon me. I took them again myself, and departed from her presence—a withered gazelle.

Dick Fulgin married Lotty Bingo; but, alas! I never obtained the privilege of applying to him the fond name of "brother-in-law."

RISE AND PROGRESS OF OPTICS.

I DON'T write on this subject because it is my *forte*. I assure you I know very little more about it than that there is such a thing. But in my own little book I like to have a few slight sketches of a scientific character, as well as small biographies of great men, together with little anecdotes that happened to myself, leaving always a few pages here and there in which I may be stupid and doldrummical when I feel inclined.

Some sailors wrecked on the coast of Bohemia, being rather short of wood, made their fire on the seashore with some common seaweed. Of course this wasn't Optics; but it was the first start of the Bohemian Glass, since then become so deservedly popular; it was the little point, the grain of sand on which the grand science of Optics was afterwards built.

One of the first things the Chinese invented, long before porcelain, or ploughing, or the compass, was spectacles. Their written character for *sage* being compounded of two signs, *glass* and *eye*.

An old Greek, whose name is familiar to every schoolboy, was one day standing at the side of a mirror, at which his wife was curling her hair; and observing that he could see her image in the glass, but not his own, he imagined that she couldn't see his image either, and so he amused himself by making ugly faces at her in the glass, which of course was wrong. While thus employed, he was seized with a sudden bleeding at the nose, which compelled him to retire for a few moments. *His wife had seen him the whole time.* Reflecting afterwards on this little incident, he found out that the angle of reflection was equal to the angle of incidence. You can easily prove the universality of the law, by throwing anything, (*X*) at a line, (*A. B.*) and watching where it goes to. It's as simple as anything now-a-days; but when the world was in its infancy it was considered a grand discovery.

I do not know that much was done after this until somebody discovered Lord Rosse's Telescope named after the distinguished person who, when a simple admiral, made that wonderful discovery of his in the Arctic regions—the 'polarization of light.' This was, of course, a great boon to mankind, and he himself is believed to have made a good thing out of it.

After this came the Stereoscope. Nobody in

particular seems to have discovered it; it broke out suddenly all over England, and people were selling them everywhere.

It is simply a pair of spectacles set in the lid of a box. Any box that will hold light will do. The effect of having the rays of light shut up in a box with only one aperture for them to get in at, is, of course, that the objects in the picture look solid. It's very pretty.

After this photography appeared; but this being my *forte*, hobby, meat and vegetables, I will not dilate on it. A man should never talk shop but to shopmen.

Next came that ingenious little invention for doing various things of an optical tendency—the Spectroscope. When people want to see 'Fraunhofer's lines' very badly, they get a spectroscope. If a person were to ask me to make him a spectroscope if I wasn't busy, I should feel embarrassed. If the person really thought I was a first-class spectroscoper, and I didn't want to expose my ignorance, I'd ask him if he happened to have any spongy platinum about him, and if he said he hadn't, I'd say 'All right, then we must do the best we can with an empty jam-tin!' I mightn't perhaps shew him Fraunhofer's lines very distinctly; but they would be quite distinct enough for all ordinary purposes. Perhaps, Fraunhofer didn't see them himself first time he tried.

I could write a great deal more about the spectroscope; but I refrain, believing that having touched on the leading discoveries in Optics, I have met all the requirements of this unpretending gossiping little sketch.

JOHNSON ALL OVER.

ONE morning I got up as usual, and nothing remarkable happened all day. I particularly remember greeting everybody about the place as kindly and heartily as I always did.

"Good morning, Pat," said I.

"Mornin, sorr, mornin," said he.

"How's your intellect?" said I.

"Well," replied Pat, "it's not much to brag of to-day."

"Good morning, Jagg," said I. "How's your biography?" He made a gesture of despair, and disappeared round a corner.

"Good morning, Bridget," said I; "how's your face?"

"The pimples is gettin a thrifle better, sorr; but the muskeeties does be tearin them open again at night."

After breakfast, Tommy was packed off to the Primary School, George and Lucy received orders to play in the paddock, Pat saddled my old horse, Moke, and I left Matilda looking at the baby's

vaccination. On arriving at my shop in Brisbane, I found Peter Flap conversing with two ladies, who were waiting to be photographed. Business brisk all day. Lunched at Bobby Scammony's. As I was riding home in the evening, I observed myself becoming unreasonably intellectual and preternaturally acute, uttering a succession of aphorisms, laconisms, repartees, etc., about anything I happened to see or think of; such as a quarry, life, death, a man trying to catch a pig, love, genius, elective affinity, a deserted wheelbarrow with a cat rubbing against one of its legs, two horses, one of them hobbled, a man that overtook me, a man whom I overtook, etc., etc.

On getting home at sundown, I observed John Jagg still digging in the garden.

"Jagg," said I, "we'll have no more work to-day; get your supper as soon as you possibly can; I want you in the study."

"Is anything up?" he asked, slowly applying his hands to the small of his back.

"Yes," said I, pointing to my head; "*intellect*, and I don't know how long it may last. You should have been with me an hour ago!"

"It's ten thousand pities I wasn't," said Jagg.

"Perhaps not so many as that," said I; but it can't be helped now; we must just jot down what's left."

At last Mr. Jagg and I were together in the study, and the door locked. We took our seats. Jagg slapped a lot of foolscap, gave a preliminary suck to a lead pencil, and remarked, "Now, sir, I'm ready; I'll just head it 'Mr. Doles's powers of conversation, etc.' Have you any little startling remark handy, sir?"

"Sir," said I, "this is mere humbugging;" and he began scribbling away in shorthand.

"You didn't put that down, did you?" said I.

"Certainly," said he; "it doesn't take long in shorthand."

"But," said I, "I didn't mean it for a remark; I meant that we're not going the right way to work. If you have read Boswell's Life of Johnson, you must have noticed that Boswell, or Goldsmith, or somebody, always said something to Johnson first, and then he replied, 'Sir,'—etc."

"Well," said Jagg, "I never did it that way in England; that fashion has died out."

"Possibly," said I; "but I always find a difficulty in making a witty repartee unless somebody says something first. Say something."

"Well, sir," said Jagg, "don't you think a drop of something hot would—um—er—eh, sir?"

"Sir," I replied, "I shall certainly give you a nobbler ere we part; business first and brandy afterwards. Put that down. Now say something else."

"Well,—um—" said Jagg,—"pretty cold to-night."

"Sir," I replied, "'tis rather chilly; but we have a fire. Sir, the man who doesn't know how to warm himself at a fire, is a fool. Go on, Jagg; this is more like the thing; but don't let it flag; keep it up."

"Don't you think," said Jagg, "that we get very bad beef from the butcher? The steaks are very tough."

"Sir," said I, "they *are*,—horrid tough; but he sends us pretty fair pieces of corned beef. Don't put that down; the humor in it is of a very subtle nature. Try again; think of something else—something about human nature."

"Don't you think"—began Jagg,—"I mean,—poor Bridget's face is a fearful sight with mosquito bites."

"Sir," I replied, "I would be loath to speak harshly of the mosquitoes, for 'tis their nature to; and it's also the nature of new chums to swell very much. Now then, Jagg, go on, deeper this time."

"I can't," said he, in a despondent tone.

"Sir," said I, "the man who says he can't should be—got that down?"

"Yes," said Jagg, reading from his foolscap,—'The man who says 'he can't,' should be'—"

"Well, draw your pencil through it," said I. "I can't go on in this way. Say something that will elicit my powers of conversation."

"Well, Sir, um—er—splendid, beautiful fine night, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I,—"for bed. I'll get you a glass of brandy."

"Ah," said Jagg, "there's nothing like a nip or two of brandy for rousing up a biography. I know it's in you! Fine poem that 'Montezuma' of yours!"

"Jagg," said I mournfully, "you couldn't take the tide at its flood. I admit that it had begun to ebb before we started; but there's no knowing what remarks I might have made, even then, with an average Boswell. Good night. The next time I feel as I did to-day, I'll be my own Boswell."

Poor Jagg swallowed his brandy, looked very sorry for what he had done, and sought his little frugal couch.

Two months elapsed before I felt Johnson again; and as soon as I perceived the attack coming on, I rushed to my study, locked the door, and pen in hand began asking myself questions like a judicious Boswell, and then committing both question and answer to paper. In a couple of hours I had had the following conversation with myself, putting in Jagg as my interlocutor.

I also arranged each question and answer numerically, so as to give the whole a more aphoristic and gem-like appearance.

I.

JAGG.—Sometimes I wish I had never been born.

DOLES.—Even then you wouldn't be contented; you'd be wishing you had been born.

II.

JAGG.—What is the best cure for a fool's love?

DOLES.—Itself. You might as well ask what would make a man stop drinking warm water with a little mustard in it.

III.

DOLES.—Old Brown is dead at last.

JAGG.—Poor fellow!

DOLES.—I am sorry you don't believe me.

IV.

DOLES—Are you aware that a man never hiccups when he is asleep?

JAGG.—No; are you?

DOLES.—Well, no; but if you hadn't happened to ask me, you might have thought me a man of much curious information.

V.

JAGG.—I envy that man;—he has made his fortune.

DOLES.—I envy him not, for his fortune is all that makes him.

VI.

JAGG.—How is it you can't play chess ?

DOLES.—Easily enough ;—it's by not knowing the moves.

VII.

DOLES.—With the best of men, life is a continued recovery.

JAGG.—From what ?

DOLES.—From living.

VIII.

JAGG.—I should like to live in a world where things don't depend upon circumstances.

DOLES.—In other words, you would like some other person to be born instead of you.

IX.

JAGG.—Give me some good advice.

DOLES.—Ask for it as seldom as possible.

X.

JAGG.—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

DOLES.—He who said it first was devoid of the merest rudiments of common sense ; for gathering moss is not the end and aim of a stone's existence ; there are no stones that have a habit of rolling ; and there are millions of stones in positions of usefulness that still gather no moss.

XI.

JAGG.—What is love ?

DOLES.—An awaking, a dream, and an awaking.

JAGG.—No more ?

DOLES.—Not till next time.

JAGG.—Have you no other definition ?

DOLES.—A spark, a fire, a ruin.

JAGG.—This is a definition of lust, confine yourself to definitions of love.

DOLES.—The beginning of wisdom, the continuance of happiness, and the consummation of all things.

XII.

JAGG.—I often loathe work.

DOLES.—Sir, 'tis a sign that you still oftener loathe idleness.

XIII.

JAGG.—What's the best fun you ever had ?

DOLES.—Being with a wise man when he's playing the fool.

JAGG.—And the next best ?

DOLES.—Being with a fool when he's playing the wise man.

XIV.

JAGG.—How do you define *time* ?

DOLES.—As something we know to have an end ; but which we use as though it had none.

JAGG.—And eternity ?

DOLES.—As something we know to have no end ; but which we treat as though it would have no beginning.

XV.

JAGG.—I think I know a woman whom I could love.

DOLES.—Then you either know very few, or a great many.

XVI.

JAGG.—Had I been allowed to be rich, I should have been found the patron of struggling merit. It is poverty that has stunted the growth of my soul.

DOLES.—Sir, a country bumpkin saw a student reading a book, and observing that he turned the leaves over from left to right, put him down as a fool. The student was reading Arabic. We, who don't know what language our souls have to learn, are always exclaiming, "The leaves are being turned the wrong way!"

XVII.

DOLES.—It is certain that the functions of one side of the brain are not identical with those of the other.

JAGG.—Then one half of the brain doesn't know how the other half lives.

DOLES.—It were juster to say that the whole brain doesn't know how any part of it lives.

XVIII.

JAGG.—When a woman is bearing a long separation from her lover, how can she comfort herself?

DOLES.—By looking into the mirror, and reflecting that she sees what her lover likes best to look upon.

JAGG.—And how if she be ugly?

DOLES.—Let her commend his love.

JAGG.—And if she be pretty?

DOLES.—She can commend his good taste.

XIX.

JAGG.—Do you not think that the bulk of mankind are unhappy because they are really incapable of happiness?

DOLES.—I do think so; but there is still a higher class of men who are unhappy because they really are capable of great happiness.

XX.

JAGG.—Exaggeration is the thief of wit.

DOLES.—Yes, when it's not the wit itself.

XXI.

JAGG.—Have you remarked that Mr. Wossle can never bear the least joke of any kind?

DOLES.—I have. Some men have pampered their consciences to such an extent, that a little innocent fun disagrees with them, and causes a flatulence, for which I could not think of censuring them, did they not always try to make us accept that flatulence as the utterance of wisdom.

XXII.

JAGG.—Let us educate them; let us bring the people into the light.

DOLES.—By jingo, sir, if you don't do it soon, the people will let in the light through an awful big hole somewhere?

XXIII.

JAGG.—Why do you never try to enliven yourself with grog?

DOLES.—For the same reason that people don't shovel sulphur down an active volcano.

XXIV.

JAGG.—Define man.

DOLES.—An animal in the world very like a rabbit sitting at the mouth of its burrow with only its tail out.

JAGG.—And woman?

DOLES.—A smaller rabbit at the darker end of the burrow.

* * * * * * *

It strikes me that these will look first-rate in my biography, and Jagg, to whom I showed them, is of the same opinion. John Jagg is an excellent hand at turning up the soil with a spade, and eliciting potatoes; but he doesn't know how to turn over the soil of my mind so as to elicit anything but what he could elicit from his own mind as well. I shall certainly do some more of it when the fit comes on again.

CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

WHEN a man is writing a little book for himself, he can stop it when he likes. It is very nice to feel this. Illnatured persons may ask why I stop. I stop because of an immutable law. I like stopping because of immutable laws. When I started, I resolved to keep on till I considered I had written a little book. I now consider I have written a little book. Hence I stop. If I have at all risen to be what I am, it is through always going on till I consider it about a fair thing.

Now that my little book is finished, I am quite at liberty to say what I think about it. It is a great success. I have been much pleased with it. Many and many an evening has it kept me from writing complicated plays, very fine poems, Odes on Solitude, Lay Sermons, etc. I cannot deny that I have read some of my Lay Sermons with great pleasure; but I often find such a ludicrous discrepancy between what I tell others to do and what I myself do in the bosom of my own family,

and everywhere else, that I have concluded to let Lay Sermons be written by men who either really are better than the rest of us, or who imagine themselves to be so. I fear I shall not write a Lay Sermon for some time to come; though a man's aunt once said that one of my Lay Sermons was equal to some she had heard at church in England. Very gratifying, of course; but, alas! the man's aunt didn't know me, and her nephew wore a little spotted coat. You find a detailed account of it in this volume. But to return.

I repeat that this book has been a great success. All the time I was writing it, I enjoyed a delightful calm; I had no plots to thicken, no wooden heroes to reward. I have had no sickly "Lines" lingering for weeks on my desk, till they at last died unperceived by me, and poisoned with their little foolish carcases the moral atmosphere of my study.

Before finally closing this book I should like to express my thanks to Matilda and the children for the material assistance they have afforded me during the compilation of it; for in our wooden houses out here, one can hear any little noise all through the building, and I can't write comfortably while Tommy and Georgy are fighting off and on throughout the evening, and Matilda scolding them. During the whole two months

that I have been writing this little book, the two boys have been very good ;—Lucy, of course, I needn't thank, for she is always good ; but my best thanks are due to our baby for having at last hit upon some mode of silent dentition. I don't know how he does it. I must also acknowledge the benefit I have derived from attending as much as possible to the hints of Patrick Brennan, my esteemed splitter and fencer. My grateful acknowledgments are also due to John Jagg for having done his best to stir me up to a proper sense of my own biography ; nor must I omit expressing my sense of obligation to my able assistant, Peter Flap, though I admit that he has had nothing to do with this book,—but he's a very obliging fellow, and gets two pounds a week for it.

Bridget, poor girl, is still much inflamed with mosquitoes, and has had two offers of marriage, although she is scarcely two months in Queensland.

As for the Lenzes, my neighbors, they are still the same. Ernestina has at last married Otto Mauselfoch, the barber in Fortitude Valley, of whom I have said nothing in these pages. However, he's married. Adolf has gone to Gympie Diggings, and has left his box of German books in my charge. I haven't begun to review any of them yet.

I can't think of anything more, and I begin to feel that my book—my own little book—is passing away from me. I must write another. I can't go back to my tragedies. Reader, one word at parting—

FAREWELL.

Pewbungle's Log.

PEWBUNGLE'S LOG.

SATURDAY, *January* 23, 1869.—Got on board the "Flying Cloud," and paid two men to put my luggage into the second cabin, made my bed; there are four beds in my room, mine is a top bed, the top beds are called "bunks;" wanted one of the bottom ones, but the man said the top ones did not roll so much. As I had never been on board a ship before, I walked about as soon as my bed was made; I told the Captain my name was Mr. Pewbungle, he said he was sorry to hear it, or something, but I didn't catch it. Put on my pilot coat, and felt that I walked with a slight roll in my gait, as I went through the docks to get supper ashore; got back, went to bed in another man's bed, there was somebody in mine.

SUNDAY, *January* 24.—Left Gravesend, towed by a pilot boat, glorious feeling, not the least sick, felt sorry for anyone that might be.

MONDAY, *January* 25.—Straits of Dover, Shakespeare's Cliff. Jolly lot of fellows in our

cabin, one is nephew to somebody, I forget whom; he showed me a revolver, and gave me some brandy; told him my name was Mr. Pewbungle, then the other two came in, and my friend introduced me, very glad to see me; somehow we got singing songs, and eating ham; then the other three showed revolvers round, and we all had some of somebody's rum, didn't know whose it was; told them I had been disappointed in love, shed tears, and fell back amongst a lot of tins; remember trying to swim, and somebody hitting me on the head. I begin to like this wild life.

TUESDAY, *January* 26.—Found myself in bed with my clothes on this morning; vessel rolling great guns as the saying is; trod on Parker's stomach in getting down; he had been at sea before and swore at me; went on deck before breakfast, saw the Captain, asked him how many days he thought we should be *now*, he said he'd give her 150 days, and take off what wasn't wanted at the end of the voyage; told him my father had been to India. Captain seemed to take an interest in me, and walked away. P. came up and walked about as if he didn't notice the ship rolling, tried to walk like P., legs went up in the air, fell over a hencoop, and into some raw beef, tried to laugh; heard the sails flapping and saw a sailor climbing up the rope ladder, Captain saw

him too, and shouted "no higher," the sailor still climbing up in spite of the Captain's warning, tried to wink at P. to let him know I thought there was likely to be a row; but the ship gave a sudden roll and I got my legs in some ropes; again the Captain shouted quite audibly, "no higher," but the sailor still went higher, and I watched him pulling some string through a hole, quite at the very top of the mast; saw the man come down and I watched the Captain, but the Captain was watching something through a telescope, so the man got away unperceived; told Parker how the man had disobeyed the Captain, but he only laughed, he has been to sea so often. After all, there is a charm about this life on the ocean wave, tho' of course it wouldn't suit you matter of fact sort of people. Went below to breakfast, sat between Parker and Tulk, chaps in my cabin; only one lady appeared; couldn't eat. Nothing seemed real, except the coffee, a cup of which was upset over my leg—leg was scalded, everything else seemed like a dream. Tried to get aloft to the poop, but at the door of our cabin there was a terrific roll, caught at a sailor's leg but it "carried away," as we say at sea, and I went with frightful velocity down to the gutter, into a lot of salt water; here I clung to some ropes and an iron spike and some other things; believe I created

quite a sensation; even the man at the wheel came to look at me; saw Parker smiling at me, his face wore a fiendish expression; very sick with hideous heavings; saw a woman looking as if she had been laughing at me; when a woman *is* bad she *is* bad; I wished her no harm, and went on being sick. Tried to think it was a wild and exciting life, but couldn't just then. Let go the spike to blow my nose and fell over a spar, heard the words "mainsail haul," and felt somebody pull my legs, which were up in the air somewhere: heard somebody saying "who is that?" struggled until I got my legs down and my head up; tried to say it was Mr. Pewbungle, but a body of seamen rushed past me with frightful yells; tried to hold on to more ropes, so that in case of accident I might have at any rate one rope that I could depend on; at last Steward begged me with tears in his eyes to come to my cabin; I did, wild and confusing scene—boxes, hams, bottles, tins, all dashing from one side to the other as the vessel rolled. Sick again—sick all day—Pidkin was sick too, but Parker and Tulk ate ham all night.

January 27.—I get up to write my log. The ship foundered last night; not quite sure whether "founder" is the right word, but Parker told me the lee scuppers had got adrift. We are all saved. Lost my keys, no night-cap, very sick; wonder

if Caroline (mine no more) will cry when she reads my log.

January 28.—Saw three very pretty girls in our saloon, but I was too sick to say more than that I was Mr. Pewbungle. Last night a ship passed close to us, as near as they could. Guess our ship would have been run down, for, in the excitement, nobody could remember what to call out, but the captain said, "Keep your luff." All hands kept their luff; we are saved again.

January 29.—Very weak; am afraid Parker has drunk the bottle of sherry wine mother packed up for me; but he is so used to this kind of life, that perhaps he did it without noticing. Sometimes he calls me "Chummy."

January 30.—Saw some "salt junks," sea calmer, ate some biscuit, porpoises. Sat beside Miss Plugthwaite at dinner.

January 31.—Heard that the wind was "Sou, sou, sou." (N. B., must try and pick up little bits of sea talk; might write a sea novel some day.)

February 1.—Roast beef, turkey for dinner, plum-pudding. MacBobbin and Tinker start paper—think of joke for paper. Wind "Sou"—pork for dinner.

February 2.—Stormy night; judging from the trampling overhead they must have kept a lot of "luff"—I really must find out what "luff" is. Found key, lost carpet-bag.

February 3.—Heard a fearful bellowing noise in front of the ship, sounded like an insane horn ; Parker says it was what sailors call "soundings." Foggy weather. Heard a sailor swear at a rope ; he saw me looking at him, dropped rope, and evidently felt he had committed himself.

February 4.—Parker said I was a plucky young fellow, and he'd let me have his revolver for six pounds ; Tulk said Parker was a fool, so I bought it ; it's a fearful weapon, but I'm very careful of it, even when it's not loaded.

February 5.—Eddystone lighthouse. Told Miss Plugthwaite I'd a revolver on board. Heard Captain shout "no higher," couldn't see anybody. Cut my initials on my revolver.

February 25.—Second mate told me some time ago that often when fellows leave their windows open at night, porpoises and things lay their spawn in a fellow's bunk. Very hot, slept with windows open, in morning found something like slimy ropes spawned right on my sheets, and coiled up like a snake. Parker at once said it was either grampus or porpoise eggs, couldn't say which ; preserved about two feet of it in a bottle of whisky, and showed it to Miss Plugthwaite ; offered to dry a bit for Miss P. as a curiosity.

February 24.—Asked Julia (Miss P.) if—— spoke to her father and asked him if——he gave

me every encouragement, but begged me not to mention it any more this voyage. Much annoyed to find that what I thought porpoise spawn is something from the inside of a sheep ; the brutal second mate put it into my bunk.

February 26.—Heard a great noise last night, was told they'd have to weather the foretop, thought it as well to be on the safe side, so went below and put on my cork jacket, put four biscuits in my pocket and calmly waited in my cabin ; at last heard some fellows say they were "looed," so took off cork jacket and had a smoke ; am afraid Tulk saw me take jacket off ; Parker says they didn't weather the foretop after all.

February 27.—Delicious sensation, got Julia to fill my air cushion with her own dear breath, sat on it all day. Pidkin awfully jealous.

February 28.—That brute Pidkin let all the wind out of cushion. Showed Julia Caroline's photograph, and then hurled it into the sea in her presence ; she was much affected, and was going to spring into my arms. Parker says Pidkin says I am a fool ; I said Pidkin was ; Parker said I was mistaken.

March 2.—Oh ! dear me ! I thought I knew something of human nature, but human nature's all different at sea. For two days Julia hasn't walked with me. Dobreeze (who has next cabin

to P's) says Plugthwaite sat up all night swearing vengeance against me. What, oh! what have I done? Am tempted to leap into the sea with loaded revolver, and threaten to blow out the brains of the first man that dares to spring after me. We are going fifteen knots, we have crossed the line, and I loathe the very sight of the southern hemisphere.

March 3.—Have taken to drinking, had another glass of brandy yesterday; this irregular sort of life is beginning to tell on me, and I fear lest when I get to Queensland, I may be tempted into some lawless mode of getting a living; said "blow it" yesterday, more than once I fear; Julia heard me once. Mine no more. Wind sow-east.

March 4.—Dreamt last night Caroline died of broken heart, I was there, and with her last breath heard the sound—'bungle.' I thought I swooned, awoke and found that rolling of ship had pitched me out of my bunk, smashed lamp, (the second I have smashed in the same way,) I came down on a fish hook of Tulk's; couldn't light lamp, couldn't get hook out, couldn't sit down; cut off the line, and waited till morning. Doctor cut the hook out, and Tulk said he'd punch my head. Borrowed another lamp, and had it hung further from my bunk. Tulk said a bottle of

brandy would square it. Main brace, wind as usual.

March 5.—Got the brandy yesterday, and squared it till past two o'clock at night. Parker and Pidkin said they'd square it a little too, so each had a glass. I like Tulk very much. He told me a secret. He has found out a way of getting glue, or something, from the cane that is left after they have got the sugar. Nobody knows it, he'll make a fortune in a few years, and he'll let me invest my hundred pounds in it. N. B.—This should show how queer human nature is at sea, and how one may be mistaken ; I thought at first that Tulk was a deep, reserved kind of chap, and now I find he is very open and friendly.

March 6.—Squaring it again yesterday night, and cut my head against something. Said 'keep her head full,' Captain said, he thought I must have been to sea before.

March 7.—Fishhook much swollen, hope it won't turn to scurvy. The captain says it's a dead calm.

March 20.—Had to pay two bottles of rum for going into the forksel. N.B.—Joke for paper. When you go to the forksel it's a SELL, and you've got to FORK out.

March 23.—Felt very sad, and looked over one of Caroline's letters ; composed poem beginning—

" My bleeding heart has felt the dart,
Shot at me by Dan CUPID."

Could only get one rhyme to CUPID, and it wouldn't make sense. Bully soup for dinner.

April 1.—Much surprised at getting a love-letter from Miss Jodder, a very pretty girl in the steerage; had often noticed her, and once had the pleasure of hurting her arm by falling against her, through a sudden lurch of the ship—this began an acquaintance. Often thought she looked sadly after me, but tried to joke her out of it. Doctor saw me speaking to her once, and I thought I'd have lost my land-order, but Parker said he'd managed to soften the doctor down. Didn't speak to Miss Jodder for a fortnight, and got a letter from her to-day. She said that she had long pined in secret, that she was the victim of a deep plot; that she had an uncle in Africa who would avenge her, but that she was powerless. She entreated me to meet her at one of the scuppers that very night, at 12 o'clock; she said the constables and matrons had been drugged and bribed to secrecy. I told nobody but Tulk and Parker, and they said "of course things like that would happen." Dark night, 12 o'clock, scupper, female form, very touching, but every now and then the scuppers went bows under, so didn't hear a connected story. Suddenly arrested by the con-

stable; female form fled. Constable felt for my land-order, and not finding it about me, tied me with one of the ropes, and ordered me to stop there till he returned with handcuffs; when he went, I untied myself, and rushed to Parker, who told me that if I took refuge in the forecastle and held out till a blue shirt was hoisted on the fore-yardarm, nobody could touch me, for by that act I constituted myself a British man-of-war's man; spent rest of night in forksel.

April 2.—Wish we were in Brisbane; wish Parker no harm, but if I heard he had a painful and lingering disease I'd bear it. Didn't know it was April Fools' Day yesterday; all a hoax about Miss Jodder; Parker or Pidkin, or somebody else on board, wrote the letter; it wasn't a female I met at the scupper; it was one of the boys dressed up. Stopped all day in forksel; Parker brought me a nobbler of brandy, and said they were hunting everywhere for a blue shirt; this evening Plugthwaite came and told me all; good fellow Plugthwaite. N.B.—People are always deceived at sea; I thought Plug was a blood-thirsty kind of man. Walked again with Julia, and nearly kissed her hand. Wind by Sow.

April 25.—Last night was something fearful. About one o'clock Parker woke me by shouting in my ear that we were sinking, that all the fore

part of the vessel was wrecked, and that it was every man for himself; he said he'd nailed a boat, and only had to untie it; said I might go too; strapped on cork-jacket, and went on deck; never saw such a wild scene; all the steerage and cabin passengers were letting go something; seas broke over us; hailstones as big as lumps of dough fell all around, and one bit nearly cracked the glass of our skylight. I offered one of the seamen gold if he would stick to me, but the horror of the scene had bereft him of reason, he laughed wildly, and told me to go *somewhere* out of that; lost Parker, and was nearly killed by a hen coop that got loose; second mate nearly very much hurt by a hailstone; at last the storm abated; and at four I turned into my bunk.

April 27.—Expect to sight land to-morrow; everybody is picking rows with everybody: we are all very cross.

April 29.—Got pilot on board; very brisk old man; said some of the ropes ought to be spliced with a little chewed bread.

April 30.—Dropped anchor in Moreton Bay.

May 1.—Saw Brighton, which is only one house as yet, and Sandgate, which is really the Brighton of Brisbane; saw some colonials, three of them missed the steamer, and stopped on board of us all night, so that I had plenty of time to look at them; I spoke to one of them.

May 3.—The Kate towed us to the depot.

May 4.—Slept at Witty's ; got entangled in the mosquito curtains, and awoke this morning all over red pimples.

May 5.—Saw Pidkin very groggy ; spoke to a blackfellow who was singing slap bang wirra wirragain.

May 7.—Dinner to Captain at Braysher's last night ; don't know much about the last part of it ; somebody said a new chum mustn't consider any work infra. dig. ; and somebody said a lot of us were in for a dig at Gympie. I shall get on in Queensland, I know.

ROBERT MARSHALL,

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